

The Critic

NUMBER 508
VOLUME XX } THIRTEENTH YEAR

NEW YORK, AUGUST 5, 1893.
Entered as Second-Class Mail-Matter at the Post-Office at New York, N. Y.

THE CRITIC CO. { SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS
\$3 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE

THE AUGUST NUMBER

OF THE

North American Review

CONTAINS:

The Financial Situation.

- I. By the COMPTROLLER OF THE CURRENCY.
- II. By the GOVERNOR OF OREGON.

The Lesson of the "Victoria" Disaster,

By the ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF THE U. S. NAVY
Prohibition in England, - - - SIR WILFRID LAWSON, BART., M.P.
Disease and Death on the Stage, - - - CYRUS EDSON, M.D

Anglo-Saxon Union: A Response to Mr. Carnegie.

By Prof. GOLDWIN SMITH.

How Cholera Can Be Stamped Out, - - - ERNEST HART
The American Hotel of To-Day, - I. By GEN. RUSH C. HAWKINS
II. By WILLIAM J. FANNING
The French Peasantry, - - - THE MARQUISE DE SAN CARLOS
The Useless House of Lords, - - - JUSTIN MCCARTHY, M.P.
In Behalf of Parents, - - - AGNES REPPLIER
The Issue of the German Elections, - - - DR. JOSEPH H. SENNER
United States Commissioner of Immigration

The Coming Extra Session.

- I. A Democratic View, By Senator G. G. VEST
- II. A Republican View, By Senator JOSEPH N. DOLPH

The Anarchists and Public Opinion, - - - EDWARD P. JACKSON
Possibilities of Prayer, - - - EDWARD S. MARTIN
Our Coming Rival, - - - WILLIAM SELBIE

50 Cents a Copy; \$5.00 a year.

SOLD BY ALL NEWSDEALERS.

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW,

3 EAST 14th STREET, NEW YORK.

JUST PUBLISHED.

Friends in Exile:

A Tale of Diplomacy, Coronets and Hearts.

By LLOYD BRYCE,

Author of "Paradise," "Romance of an Alter Ego," "A Dream of Conquest," Etc., Etc.

12mo, Extra Cloth, Laid Paper,
Price, \$1.00.

"A tale which is both audacious and vividly colored, yet apparently faithful to actuality. The tragic incident that concludes the story forms a fitting climax to a very clever and entertaining novel."—*The Beacon, Boston.*

"Mr. Bryce has borrowed very largely from contemporaneous politics to lend interest to his story, and anybody is privileged to put on the cap if it fits. The story is sprightly and interesting."—*N. Y. World.*

"A clever and well-told story, with a distinct and patriotic ring."—*N. Y. Recorder.*

"Bright, interesting and instructive. A most admirable international novel."—*Boston Traveller.*

"A lively story of life in Paris and along the Riviera. The chief characters are Americans, Samuel Jackson, the democratic ambassador, being quite a notable creation. The incidents are stirring and wrought out to a dramatic climax."—*Philadelphia Press.*

"At the start the story catches the interest and holds it continuously to the end."—*Philadelphia Item.*

"Mr. Bryce appears to be writing from the inside, when he describes so vividly some phases of society in Paris, and his theme is well handled. He writes a readable story, which will be popular."—*Boston Advertiser.*

For Sale by all Booksellers.

Cassell Publishing Co.,

104 and 106 Fourth Avenue,
NEW YORK.

MACMILLAN & CO.'S NEW BOOKS.

Now Ready. New and Cheaper Edition.

THE MEMORIES OF DEAN HOLE.

12mo, cloth, \$2.25.

"From grave to gay, from lively to severe," the motto placed on the opening page, admirably sets forth the main features of a book which no one, we venture to say, will lay down without regret."—*The Churchman*.

"If any one wants to enjoy a truly delightful and charming work, we advise him by all means to purchase a copy of these 'Memories,' which we assure him will amply repay the reading, and which he will lay down with the Sam Weller wish that 'there was more of it.'"—*Living Church*.

"It abounds in bright, cheerful, sparkling anecdotes of all kinds of people, artists, writers, preachers, statesmen, scholars of deserved eminence. There breathes through the charmingly easy, flowing, rambling, chatty volume a spirit of broad, cheerful, hopeful, helpful humanity that will scarcely fail to make every generous reader love the cheery and bright-spirited author."—*Commercial Advertiser*.

Just Ready. 12mo, cloth, \$1.75.

FOLIA LITTERARIA.

Essays and Notes on English Literature. By JOHN W. HALES, M.A., Professor of English Literature in King's College, London, etc., etc. 12mo, cloth, \$1.75.

Just Published. 8vo, cloth, \$5.00.

A TREATISE ON THE THEORY OF FUNCTIONS.

By JAMES HARKNESS, M.A., Associate Professor of Mathematics in Bryn Mawr College, late Scholar of Trinity College, Cambridge, and FRANK MORLEY, M.A., Professor of Pure Mathematics in Haverford College, late Scholar of King's College, Cambridge. 8vo, cloth, \$5.00 net.

Just Published. Uniform with THE LETTERS OF JAMES SMETHAM.

THE LITERARY WORKS OF JAMES SMETHAM.

Edited by WILLIAM DAVIES. 12mo, cloth, \$1.50.

New Ready. New Popular Edition of

THE ATLANTIC FERRY.

ITS SHIPS, MEN, AND WORKING.

By ARTHUR J. MAGINNIS, M.I.N.A. New popular low-priced edition. 12mo, boards, 75 cents.

THE POINTS OF THE HORSE.

A TREATISE ON EQUINE CONFORMATION.

By Capt. M. H. HAYES, F.R.C.V.S. Illustrated by 77 reproductions of photographs and 205 drawings. Square 4to, \$10.50 net.

New Edition. Completed and Largely Re-written.

A STUDY OF THE WORKS OF LORD TENNYSON.

By EDWARD CAMPBELL TAINSH. New Edition. 12mo, cloth, \$1.75.

Just Published. 12mo, cloth, \$1.75.

THE COMEDIES OF T. MACCIUS PLAUTUS.

Translated in the original metres by EDWARD H. SUGDEN, B.A., B.Sc. 12mo, cloth, \$1.75.

JUST READY. NEW VOLUME IN THE SERIES OF TWELVE ENGLISH STATESMEN.

EDWARD THE FIRST.

By PROFESSOR T. F. TOUT. 12mo, cloth, cut, 60 cents; cloth, uncut, 75 cents.

Just Published. 16mo, cloth, gilt top, gilt extra, \$1.25.

THE MAXIMS AND REFLECTIONS OF GOETHE.

Translated by BAILEY SAUNDERS. With a preface. 16mo, cloth, gilt, gilt extra, \$1.25.

WILLIAM GEORGE WARD AND THE CATHOLIC REVIVAL.

By WILFRID WARD, author of "William George Ward and the Oxford Movement." 8vo, \$3.00.

Book Reviews, a Monthly Journal devoted to New and Current Publications. Price, 5 cents. Yearly Subscription, 50 cents.

MACMILLAN & CO., Publishers, New York.

NEW NOVELS.

A New Novel by F. MARION CRAWFORD.

Pietro Ghisleri.

By F. MARION CRAWFORD, author of "Saracinesca," "Mr. Isaacs," etc., etc. 12mo, cloth, \$1.00.

"The story has power, is highly dramatic in parts, and the threads of the plot are held firmly in the hands of a master."—*Phila. Telegraph*.

New editions of F. MARION CRAWFORD'S NOVELS in uniform binding. 12mo, cloth, \$1.00 each.

A Roman Singer. To Leeward.

Paul Petroff. An American Politician.

Just Published. 12mo, \$1.00.

Charlotte M. Yonge's New Story, Grisly Grisell.

Or, THE LAIDLY LADY OF WHITBURN. A Tale of the Wars of the Roses. 12mo, cloth, \$1.00.

By the same Author.

Strolling Players.

A HARMONY OF CONTRASTS.

By CHARLOTTE M. YONGE and CHRISTABEL R. COLERIDGE. 12mo, cloth, \$1.00.

Just Ready. 12mo, \$1.00.

The Great Chin Episode.

By PAUL CUSHING.

Author of "Cut by His Own Diamond," etc. 12mo, cloth, \$1.00.

Uniform with the 10-volume Edition of Jane Austen's Works.

The Novels and Poems of Charlotte, Emily, and Anne Bronte.

In 12 16mo volumes. With Portrait and 35 Illustrations in Photogravure, after drawings by H. S. GREIG. Price, \$1.00 each. To be issued monthly.

New Ready.

Vols. 1 and 2. JANE BYRON. 2 vols., \$1.00 each.

Vols. 3 and 4. SHIRLEY. 2 vols., \$1.00 each.

Vols. 5 and 6. VILETTE. 2 vols., \$1.00 each.

*Also a Large-Paper Limited Edition on hand-made paper, at \$3.00 per volume.

In similar style to the issues of the editions of Jane Austen and the Brontës.

The Novels of Henry Fielding.

Edited by GEORGE SAINTSBURY. To be completed in 12 16mo volumes. With portrait and illustrations by Herbert Ralston and E. J. Wheeler.

Now Ready. Vols. 1 and 2. JOSEPH ANDREWS. 2 vols., \$1.00 each.

*Also a Large-Paper Limited Edition on hand-made paper, at \$3.00 per volume.

The Critic

Published Weekly at 743 Broadway, New York, by The Critic Co.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 5, 1893

Literature

A Captive's Story

Ten Years' Captivity in the Mahdi's Camp, 1882-1892. By F. R. Wingate. London: Sampson Low, Marston & Co.

THE LITERATURE of captivity is voluminous. A large portion of mankind have been busy ever since the world began in making prisoners of their neighbors and enemies. The story of the lonely captive escaping and recounting his experiences when at home, is a common feature in all literatures. Indeed, there are so many narratives of this sort, that the busy man must select rather than collect; and in these days of specialization one must choose only the best. The book before us is one of the best of this type that have been produced within the present century. It is a thrilling tale, simply told; and all the more powerful because of its very simplicity.

Father Joseph Ohrwalder, a young Austrian missionary, full of bright hopes for the future, on December 28, 1880, left Cairo to work in the name of Christ at Khartoum in the Soudan. With him went a bishop, two other missionaries and several Sisters of Mercy. A journey of twenty-eight days brought them to Khartoum. The Mission House stood on the high river-bank, with lovely gardens in front; and on their arrival the whole city was celebrating the return of the Governor-General, Rauf Pasha, from a campaign. From Khartoum they travelled to the town of Delen, where the permanent missionary work was to be done. They built a four-wheeled cart, made bricks and were building, planning and getting ready for their life-work when, in April, 1882, came the first mutterings of the terrible storm that was to deluge the entire Soudan with blood.

This story of African captivity was originally written by the Rev. Father Joseph Ohrwalder, who is the first European that has escaped from the Soudan since 1885. First published in German, and roughly translated into English by a Syrian, it has been entirely re-written by Major F. R. Wingate, Director of Military Intelligence in the Egyptian army, and author of that standard work "Mahdism and the Egyptian Sudan." The English text is enriched with a number of spirited translations, and it is interesting work to study the faces. The frontispiece gives a picture of Father Ohrwalder and two of the Sisters, who escaped with him from captivity. This latter feat was accomplished by means of three faithful Arab guides, who, with their camels, succeeded in bringing the party five hundred miles in seven days, to the Egyptian outpost at Murat, whence it was easy to enter Cairo.

We confess to a singular fascination in reading this thrilling story. The Mahdi is no longer a mystery. Instead of being a vague shadow of personality, he appears before us in all his peculiarities, and is as real a historic personage as Cæsar or Napoleon. His personal appearance is fully described; for Father Ohrwalder saw him and talked with him many times, and knew his history thoroughly. The Soudan has always been like a boiling caldron of fanaticism, and, apparently, throughout the ages there have been Mahdis from time to time whose presence acted upon the volatile human mass like those objects which tourists throw into the geyser holes to make them overflow. We remember how Josephus tells us that, at about the time St. Paul went into the Temple at Jerusalem with the men who had a vow, one Mahdi was in Egypt with a large army disturbing the peace, while a detachment had come as far as the Mount of Olives to be his advanced guard, only to be scattered and put to the sword by the Romans. When the fanatical Jews dragged St. Paul out from the sacred enclosure in order to kill him,

and when Paul was rescued by the Roman centurion, the first question asked by the military officer was "Art thou not, then, the Egyptian which, stirred up to sedition, led out into the wilderness the four thousand men of the Assassins?"

The last of the Mahdis was a fanatical Moslem, who preached against the luxury and degeneracy that had come upon the Soudan through the innovations brought by the Christians. He was handsome, studious, knew the Koran by heart, had a winning smile and manners and was mightily assisted by various strokes of good luck. Without any military knowledge he mustered thousands of fanatical and faithful followers and taught them to rush *en masse* against wall or battalion and think nothing of being slain, but to persevere until victory was won. He made a number of new laws, which were startling innovations, and yet he was able to enforce them. He summoned El Obeid to surrender, and as nothing succeeds like success, he was victorious almost everywhere. The promise of Paradise and of forty hours to each soldier, made volunteers flock to his standard. It was rumored that (beating Signor Blitz, who put graphite bullets in guns and converted them into dust) he could turn the enemy's bullets into water. From the first he made friends with the slave-dealers, and, as the Khedive of Egypt had broken up the slave-trade, here was a large force of brave, unscrupulous and cruel men, well used to fire-arms and having a grudge against the Turks, ready to be molded to the Mahdi's will. The term "Turk," it seems, referred to anybody that opposed the Mahdi's will, whether Egyptian, Englishman or other foreigner. Father Ohrwalder and his companions were taken prisoners, and the story of their humiliations, sorrows, brutal treatment and hardships seems almost incredible. Yet there is, apparently, no trace of embellishment in the narrative; and though it is possible that Major Wingate may have, here and there, "medicated" it, yet the story is one that seems to bear the stamp of truth upon its face. For the first time, the narrative of the siege of Khartoum is given in detail, and the chapter devoted to Gordon, the lone watcher, hopelessly waiting for reinforcements, is told with a pathos that is tear-compelling. The narrator went over some of the battle-fields, where the unburied dead had lain shrivelling under the sun for months, the mice and the rats rattling and scampering through their dried skins. The Mahdi, after success had come to him, plunged into luxury, became fat and coarse, had a large harem and ran into the way of most conquerors that spring out of poverty and achieve their great ambitions. A grand tomb was built over his grave, however, and one of his Caliphs carried on his government after him. Famine, disease and most of the accompaniments of war swept over the Sudan, and the estimate of one hundred thousand lives, directly lost through the Mahdi's fanaticism, is in all probability a low one. Nevertheless, the writer, while dealing with the horrors of the Soudan during this state of affairs and relating the tortures to which the white captives were subjected, tells of the social life, the agriculture and the commerce; and, in the final chapter, of the present condition of the region. He wonders how long this state of horrors can continue. The story of the flight is one of intense interest.

The book has been hurriedly printed, and the pictures are without offsets of tissue paper, which detracts somewhat from the nicety of the mechanical appearance. There is an excellent index, three folding maps; and, with the usual appurtenances of good book-making, the volume forms an attractive casket to one of the most fascinating stories told in modern times.

Anacreon

With Thomas Stanley's Translation. Edited by A. H. Bullen. Illustrated by J. R. Weguelin. \$7.50. Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE WORLD is always loath to give up the delightful miscellany of truth and fiction that figures under the name of "Lives of Illustrious Men," by a certain old Boeotian named Plutarch. It clings to his "secret memoirs" of Theseus and Lycurgus as if these honorable Greeks had left diaries as copious as St. Simon's or Mme. d'Arblay's. What he quotes is so charmingly apposite; what he says is so indisputably lifelike and positively breathes with verisimilitude. Oh, if it only could have been true! But, after all, are Fanny Burney's or the French duke's portraits of gross Hanoverians or refined Bourbons any truer than Plutarch's vivid imaginings of Cato or Timoleon? Did not the mist and mud of Boeotia attain a clarity and transparency in him that rendered the task of getting at the characters of his heroes a piece of marvellous clairvoyance, not a tissue of prismatic falsehood? Voltaire grows righteously wrathful (Chap. XXV. of his famous "Siècle") over the impossibilities of Plutarch; and then goes on himself with eleven chapters of tittle-tattle about his hero, the majestic Louis XIV., tittle-tattle gathered from the back-stair listenings, the key-hole peerings, the servants' hall gossipings of the *mémoristes* and *ana*-writers of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries!

The world has long lingered effusively over its chosen portrait of Anacreon, that cunning old Tean, who lived 600 years before Christ, composed lyrics and love-poems of infinite grace, and died of a grape-stone and now lies under a mausoleum of lies—the critics say. Around his memory grew a legend, as the roses clustered about the exquisite goblet that he sang. Nobody wrote, or ever has written, exactly like him, and his tripping metres set a fashion that enamored Goethe and influenced Herrick and impassioned Moore. Old Henri Estienne, in 1554, published the *editio princeps* of the "Anacreontea," a collection containing poems ranging over 1200 years (third century B.C. to the ninth A.D.). Ronsard had had a peep at the MS., and sang "ces liens d'or, cette bouche vermeille," which heralded so gracefully the swallow of Anacreon. Down to this day French poetry, especially that delicious school of *poèmes antiques* writers, like Leconte de Lisle, tingles with the Tean measures of this old East-Mediterranean singer. The frail cicada, the flitting swallow have become things of marble and of immortality in his binding verse, which clings to these perishable creatures with such tunefulness that the world has not yet let them die. Late and lascivious as the "Anacreontea" doubtless are, they passed into the intellectual life of Christian ages and emerge in delightful lines of Cowley and Moore, Prior and naughty Rochester, Ambrose Phillips and "Hours of Idleness." The Englishman most genuinely kindled by their Bacchic fire was Thomas Stanley (1651), author of the translations in the present volume, which Mr. Bullen has so choicely edited in a "limited" edition of 1000 numbered copies. His renderings have much of the fluttering, humming-bird quality of the original: quick, quivering, inconstant, undulatory as any spirally-waving cobweb on the summer air. A slight monotony does not essentially harm the cupids, loves, graces and nymphs of the Greek. The poems embalm a very graceful side of ancient Hellenic life. Odes they are not in our lumbering sense, but delicate offspring of dance and wine and wilfulness, and tuneful whimsicality of every kind. Whether a pseudo- or the real Anacreon, here lies entombed much of that comely and shapely thing men call "Greek," and one need not heed the severity of old Bergk, who, in his "Poetæ Græci Minores," would willingly drum out this Rosalind-like singing spirit as an audacious intruder and impostor. Our poetic pantheons are not so full that they can expatriate even a pseudo-Anacreon; and 2400 years represent a goodly antiquity after all. Hemiambs like his are not written every day, even now, and Greek *vers de société* are too scarce to oust this dainty Ionian. Would that Mr. Bridges or Mr. Dobson or Mr. Lang would buckle on their most shining armor and attack this elusive combatant! Mr.

Weguelin's illustrations wreath themselves with much of the grace of the Anacreontic spirit, and we only wish that Mr. Bullen, from "selfish motives," would give us other volumes of such antique music.

"The Great Book-Collectors"

By C. I. and M. A. Elton. \$2.50. Imported by Chas. Scribner's Sons.

THE BOOK-ROOM of Rameses was called the "Hospital for the Soul," an apt designation for the food that cures as well as the place that houses the spirit of men. Many bees work at this hive, storing the honey for future generations, from those who founded the brick-libraries of Nineveh, to the builders of the libraries of Nehemiah and Maccabæus and Diocletian, of Alexandria and Ephesus. "Yellow bibliomaniacs whose skins take the color of their food" have always lived and loved, even among the rolls of Ecbatana, by the rivers of Antioch and Tarsus, on the Aventine, and beside the breast of the Sphinx. The scattering of the ancient worlds of Greece and Rome shook out innumerable leaves that once had been garnered as precious possessions in the book-rooms of Aristotle and Lucullus. The millionaire Seneca, the vinegar-tongued Lucian, the sainted Jerome, the imprisoned Boethius delighted alike in the gold and silver inks and the Tyrian purple of the vellum, and had hungering remembrance of library-walls inlaid with ivory and ornamented with cases of parchments. All classes revelled in the beauty of illuminated MSS., when they could get a glimpse of them, down to the dismemberment of the Empire, when two great books—the Bible and the Koran—took up the tradition and perpetuated in Christian monasteries and Mohammedan mosque-schools the exquisite art of handwritten vellums enriched with all the delicacies of Byzantine and Omniad calligraphy.

In western Europe the Irish monks and the recluses of Iona and Northumbria made remarkable collections and originated the Book of Kells, the Gospels of Kildare and the Codex of Exeter. Alcuin, Egbert and Boniface diligently collected the *pretiosa* of their time, and added beautiful works to the scriptorial rooms of France and England. Next came the mighty brotherhoods of Benedictines, Franciscans and Dominicans with their love of books and science, —art-loving friars who filled the twelfth and other centuries with their light and life, and transmitted ancient learning to modern times, in uninterrupted streams. Omnivorous bishops like Richard de Bury covered their walls and floors with treasures new and old. The "banks of the windy Rhone" soon yielded Petrarch, who has given a name to an age and who collected books from Avignon to Venice.

Individual collectors succeeded the friars and monastic congregations. Duke Humphrey and the literary Valois filled cabinets and corners with books secular and sacred. A wonderful efflorescence broke out in Italy at the Renaissance under Chrysoloras, the Medici, and Poggio Bracciolini: it was an age when people combined bibliophily with philanthropy, and grand-dukes and Florentine abbés were engaged in the enviable emulation of providing Italy with reading. Germany, Flanders, Burgundy established libraries after the invention of printing, and the French bookmen gathered choice MSS. and historical volumes bedecked with salamanders in flames and silver *fleurs-de-lis*. The Tudors started book-binderies in England, and Queen Elizabeth was expert in binding her books in needle-work or in blue corded silk, with gold and silver thread. In her Testament is a note referring to her walks in the "field of Scripture," where she plucked the "goodlie greene herbes," which she afterwards ate by her reading, and "chawed by musing" ("chawed" is a good old English form!). Sir Robert Colton, Harley, Fairfax, Bodley, Digby, Laud, Selden and Ashmole illustrated various reigns with their munificence, their huge heaps of folios, their antiquarian collections, Caxtons, and *livres d'heures*.

The prince of book-collectors was Jean Grolier, a Frenchman of Lyons, whose books had the amiable stamp "et

Amicorum" immediately after his own name. No wonder he lived to be eighty-six and had an archbishop for a son! Old Bonaventure d'Argonne said of the 3000 exquisite volumes that Grolier left to his sons, "they looked as if the Muses had taken the outsides into their charge, as well as the contents, they were adorned with such art and *esprit* and looked so gay, with a delicate gilding quite unknown to the book-binders of our time."

De Thou, Pinelli, Peiresc, Ferdinand Columbus, and Ximenes were celebrated bibliophiles, who kept burnished the reputation of France, Italy, and Spain as great library-lovers; and thus down to the Roxburghs and Marlboroughs, the Spencers, Pembrokes and Sunderlands of recent times, this rich zeal of book-hunting has flourished, resulting in Vaticans, British Museums and Bibliothèques Nationales.

Mr. and Mrs. Elton have traced these varied fates and fortunes of books and their lovers with admirable discernment, putting at the service of the reader their abundant knowledge and grouping in chapters much information about the men and women who have been smitten with the peculiar madness of bibliomania. This disease is not in the medical books, yet the Eltons show that it is pandemic. There is no cure for it except purchase.

Lord De Tabley's Poems

Poems: Dramatic and Lyrical. By John Leicester Warren (Lord De Tabley). \$2.75. Macmillan & Co.

THE NAME of the author of these poems is not a familiar one to many American readers, although it is to be found in several volumes of verse published in England between the years 1869 and 1874. The first of Lord De Tabley's books, "Eclogues and Monologues," appeared under the name of W. P. Lancaster; this was followed by "Philoctetes," "Orestes," "Rehearsals" and "Searching the Net," from the last two of which many pieces are reprinted in this new collection. The contents of this volume, embracing compositions in both rhymed and blank-verse, are of more than ordinary merit. Several examples of the dramatic monologue are excellently done, and one, entitled "Jael," is a strong and imaginative piece of work. But, as a rule, Lord De Tabley is at his best in his lyrics. There can be only praise for the vividness and fine sweep of such a poem as "The Churchyard on the Sands," of which this is the opening stanza:—

"My Love lies in the gates of foam,
The last dear wreck of shore;
The naked sea-marsh binds her home,
The sand her chamber door."

And the quiet beauty of these two quatrains, entitled "The Pilgrim Cranes," must be evident to every reader:—

"The pilgrim cranes are moving to their south,
The clouds are herded pale and rolling slow.
One flower is withered in the warm wind's mouth,
Whereby the gentle waters always flow."

"The cloud-fire wanes beyond the lighted trees.
The sudden glory leaves the mountain dome.
Sleep into night, old anguish mine, and cease
To listen for a step that will not come!"

There are many charming bits in the pretty madrigal, "Love gives all away," like,

"Love at a touch will falter,
Love at a nod will stay.
But armies cannot alter
One hair-breadth of his way—"

but the whole lyric is starred with eye-rhymes, which are no rhymes at all; "children" and "wild wren," "rose-leaf" and "shows grief,"—these are no better than—perhaps not so good as—the rhymes one comes upon in a soap advertisement.

Of nature, Lord De Tabley writes intimately and engagingly. His descriptions are admirable; and all through them there are sprinkled strikingly felicitous things, such as:—

"the great goblin moth, who bears
Between his wings the ruined eyes of death,"

and:—

"Daphne, ere she unwomaned into leaves,"

and:—

"the glamour of his song
Tingled the doubting wood-tips into bloom."

In these days, when the volumes of good verse are very few, it is a real pleasure to find one so thoroughly enjoyable as this, which contains a selection from Lord De Tabley's dramatic and lyrical poems. It deserves hearty commendation, and is sure of a warm appreciation by those that care for poetry written by a poet.

The book is one of the most attractive examples of the book-maker's art that we have seen. A lover of fine books—whether or not he loved poetry—would be compelled to buy the book for its charmingly designed cover. We must not forget to mention the five illustrations by Mr. C. S. Ricketts, and the book-plate by the poet's friend, the late William Bell Scott. These contribute to the beauty and interest of both the verse and the book.

A Woman's Triumph

How the Codex was Found: A Narrative of Two Visits to Sinai, from Mrs. Lewis's Journals, 1892-3. By Margaret Dunlop Gibson. \$1.50. Macmillan & Co.

THE SCHOLARLY WORLD has recently been excited by the recovery of a palimpsest on which an English Cambridge professor recognized a very ancient copy of the New Testament in Syriac. The lucky person that secured this great addition to the treasures of Christian epigraphy was Mrs. Lewis, the widow of the Rev. Samuel Savage Lewis, for so many years the courteous and indefatigable Librarian of Corpus Christi College. So many errors crept into the newspaper accounts that Mrs. Gibson, the author of this book, concluded to tell the whole story. This she has done in most charming style with perfect frankness and simplicity. Mrs. Gibson, who is a strong believer in the substantial truth of the narratives in Exodus, and a trained student in Arabic and modern Greek, made the journey with her twin-sister Mrs. Lewis. Armed with a letter of introduction from the Archbishop, they made their way across the stony and sandy land of Midian, her description of which, in sunlight and moonlight, is of absorbing interest. She gives a picture of Saint Catherine's Convent, where are thousands of old manuscripts and books, not kept in library or on book-shelves, but hidden away in drawers and cupboards. The monks that have inhabited this holy place, which is supposed to be built on the very spot where God gave the law to Moses, are not acquainted with the languages in which these ancient books are written. Indeed, as far back as the seventh century the old writing of the Scriptures was pumiced off, and the parchment covered over with the Lives of the Saints. A part of the book is taken up with a description of Saint Sylvia of Aquitaine, who 1500 years ago undertook a pilgrimage to the holy places of the East, and who left behind her a journal of her travels, in which she describes the scenery around Sinai nearly a century before the present convent was built. Her diary throws a flood of light on the state of Eastern Christendom before the fall of the Roman Empire and proves that the love of adventure is by no means a new phenomenon in her sex. It is interesting to an American to note that Mrs. Lewis's dragoman, who was an excellent one, was educated by the late Dr. Lansing, father of Prof. Lansing of New Brunswick, N. J. There is also an interesting Greek description of Sinai by a professor in the theological school of the Holy Sepulchre, Jerusalem, 1875. One chapter is devoted to the identification of the Codex, which is now known to be one of the same class as that which Dr. Cureton found, in 1843, among manuscripts brought from the Nitrian desert nine years before, and deposited in the British Museum. Unfortunately, the Curetonian fragments, as they are called, are sadly deficient; but the newly found palimpsest is nearly perfect. Woman's wit and ingenuity overcame the difficulty caused by the leaves sticking together, and the steam of a boiling kettle was utilized and the leaves photographed. Some of the points of

Mrs. Gibson's style are noticeable, as when she refers with a relative personal pronoun to inanimate things; and evidently she is not a user of tobacco, for on passing through the Turkish Custom-House she feared lest her delicate films should be taken for "a quid of tobacco," and rendered worthless by the entrance of light. There is a frontispiece showing the two pages of the Codex as held in the hand while being photographed. The binding of the book suggests a moonlighted desert. We have read every word with delight and interest, and very highly commend this interesting and valuable story of the zeal of modern pilgrims of science.

"Safe Studies" and "Stones of Stumbling"

By the Hon. Lionel A. Tollemache and Mrs. L. A. Tollemache. New York: Brentano's.

THE ESSAYS in the volume of "Safe Studies" are of a miscellaneous nature but trend towards *biographica literaria*. We cannot do better than give specimens of the author's recollections and hearsays about famous people, because they furnish the charm of the essays. The late Mr. George Grote, as it appears, would have been a poet had it not been for the deterrent influence of Mr. James Mill. Nevertheless, Mr. Grote charged Prof. Mommsen with an "excessive use of the imagination." Mr. Grote did not greatly enjoy Mr. Swinburne's most classical writing, "Atalanta in Calydon," but thought Milton's "Samson Agonistes" the most complete English representative of a Greek play. Mr. Grote's favorite English poets were Milton, Dryden and Pope; Shakespeare, he found too faulty to deserve a chief place in his final estimation. With a weary sigh he admitted that there must have been persons that liked Tennyson and Browning, since they kept on writing verse. This is the opinion of a man who narrowly escaped being a poet, and, perhaps, drawing from Fortune's roulette the Laureateship. Though pleased with positivism, he could not go the whole way, with Comte in particular, as far as the "Religion of Humanity"; and with satisfaction he repeated the good saying, "There is no God, and Auguste Comte is his Prophet." In those early days, when already Louis Napoleon was regarded by Europe as a young man with a brilliant future behind him, the Grotes were staying in Paris, and, being heartily detested by the citizen-President, were ignored by him. One day, however, their carriages came so near together in the press on the Bois, that Napoleon could not decently escape from speaking to Mrs. Grote. "Ah, Madame, vous êtes ici! Restez-vous longtemps à Paris?" "Pas longtemps, Monseigneur; et vous?" A few weeks later and the *Coup d'état* answered this question for the world and for Mrs. Grote.

Some of Mr. Babbage's good sayings are set down. For instance, he fancied that machinery will become so perfected as to dominate life, that instead of man using machinery, machines would employ "manner." The late Charles Austin, who comes in for a disproportionate amount of biographical gossip, was so abominably consistent that he admitted that if the lifting of his finger would annihilate the universe he would feel bound to lift it. Yet he had no charity for the Swedish pastor who put poison into the sacramental chalice that his flock might surely die in the odor of sanctity; nor would he acknowledge the meritoriousness of the worldling, who, at the point of death, pleaded that he had at least converted a Jew to Christianity. When asked for an account, he said that in a shipwreck a Jew had begged to be saved in his boat; he had asked if he were willing to become a Christian, and upon his final assent, "I pushed him down under, lest he might have time to recant; and so he certainly died a Christian!" Mr. Austin did not favor slavery; but he put the pregnant question, "Why is it worse to domesticate our thousandth cousins, than to kill and eat our millionth?" Mansel's Bampton Lectures, he thought more harmful to Christianity than Butler's Analogy, but the two together enough to destroy all religious belief.

"Stones of Stumbling" begins with several rather immature essays, which are best passed by. They advocate the

murder of incurable patients, and seek to prove that God is a liar. With all their ingenuity and literary adornment, the author adds nothing to his influence for good by publishing them. Besides, they have the effect of being nothing better than *tours de force*. The really valuable part of this volume is the hundred pages of "Recollections of Mark Pattison." Pattison defined orthodoxy as "Stoicism plus legend." He said, "Sir Stafford Northcote is the representative of everything that distinguishes Englishmen from Americans," and, "My advice is to live with the Tories and to vote with the Whigs." Pattison regarded "King Lear" and "Père Goriot" as the greatest tragedies in modern literature, and the "Agamemnon" as the greatest in all literature. He had much contempt for Drummond's "Natural Law in the Spiritual World," and remarked that in modern thought "the idea of the Deity had been defeated to a pure transparency"; pantheism, he thought, was "the only form of theism which can be reconciled with evolution."

The poetry will hardly attract attention. It is never even ridiculously bad. From what we have given it will be evident where the interest of these volumes lies, and we assure the reader that we have by no means picked out all the plums for this notice. With the exception of the chapter on Tennyson's poetry, we should say there is nothing deep in "Stones of Stumbling." The text runs along easily, with one story suggesting another, and with garnishment of more or less apposite classical quotations, after the manner of a school of English writers now, thank Heaven, almost extinct.

Theological and Religious Literature

THE VOLUMES collectively entitled "The Expositor's Bible" seem likely to be as numerous as the Biblical library itself, which has sixty-six books. The second volume on "The Acts of the Apostles" is now ready, and comes from the pen of the Rev. G. T. Stokes, D.D., Professor in the University of Dublin, who discusses that part of the first book of Church History which treats of the work of the Apostle Paul. Thoroughly familiar with the critical theories of the present time, the author, nevertheless, avoids the temptation of considering these too fully, and faithfully adheres to his purpose as an expositor. Certainly he has well performed his duty of furnishing, or indicating, material suitable for expository purposes. He is also well-read in the works of those travellers who have gone personally over the ground and looked upon the scenes of the actions and actors depicted in the Book that stands between the Gospels and Epistles. Indeed, this work might be called an expository life of St. Paul with abundant homiletical annotation. Rightly, we think, the scholastic portions of the author's contributions are put into the foot-notes, which are more numerous in this volume than in the most of the others, leaving the text free from unnecessary references, and smooth with that kind of matter which is most helpful in a sermon. There is a good index, and it is needless to say of this series that the print is clear and attractive and the binding untheological-looking. (\$1.50. A. C. Armstrong & Son.)

ALREADY IN TYPE and with its present title, before Dr. Lyman Abbott's book of the same name was published or his Lowell lectures delivered, was the thin volume of M. J. Savage on "The Evolution of Christianity." From his pulpit in West Newton Street in Boston, Mr. Savage preaches weekly on the subjects kindred to those set forth in his work, and does it with fine oratorical ability. The general temper of the book, however, shows the spirit of one who has undergone a very sudden conversion from ultra-orthodoxy to the Spencerian and kindred philosophy of the present time. He tells of old-world religion, of Judaism and its hopes, and pictures the conditions under which Christianity was born. He shows how Jesus was, being dogmatically certain that He was born at Nazareth, and outlines what the Son-of-Mary and Joseph attempted to do. He shows also the influences of the Christ idea, of the first church and of Paul, and wrestles with the problem of the Trinity, from which, it seems to our mind, he comes lame. He then brilliantly condenses the history of the Church at Rome. With that *ad captandum* manner for which he is especially noticeable, he heads one of his sermons "Growth Away from Jesus," whereas other minds see in the very phenomena he discusses, growth towards the true teachings of Jesus. In further treating of the Protestant revolution, of science in the church, and of free Christianity, he finishes what might be called "A Course of Lectures on the History of Christianity From a Non-Christian Point of View." He emphasizes very strongly the confusion of the times, and seems to think

that nobody can quite tell what Christianity is. The book is a powerful polemic on the side of those who take only the secular view of religion and who look for what the author calls the speedy "surrender of orthodoxy." (\$1. Boston: George H. Ellis.)—"MISSIONARY LANDSCAPES in the Dark Continent" is the attractive title of a very interesting book, which is handsomely printed on excellent paper with wide margins. It is by the Rev. James Johnston, author of "Missionary Points and Pictures," who has a practised pen and a fine literary style. The brilliant chapters show that it is only thirty-five years since the source of the Nile was discovered, and within the last thirty years—a golden age of discovery—more has been done for the reclamation of the "lost continent" than in the previous thirty-three hundred years. The pacific invaders from Civilization already are beginning to shed its illuminating rays over the dark places of Africa, and Christianity is writing its name on the forehead of African humanity. In treating of the evangelizing work done among the Moors, the northern Africans in Egypt and the Nile valleys, at Uganda, Kaffraria and in the water-ways of the Congo and Niger, the author is catholic in spirit. He tells of what nationalities other than Great Britain have done for the building up of Christ's kingdom in the Dark Continent. The work is most readable, accurate and comprehensive. (\$1.25. A. D. F. Randolph & Co.)

THE ATTITUDE of "The Church in relation to Sceptics" is one of great practical interest at this present time of transition. A book under this title has been issued by the Rev. Alexander J. Harrison, B.D., Vicar of Lightcliffe, who has given a lifetime of study to the problems which lie on the border-land between the known and the unknown. Mr. Harrison is not only a writer of books, having published an excellent volume on "Christianity and Scepticism," but is also a practical debater, well-accustomed to facing and handling both friendly and hostile audiences of English people. He is familiar with most of the phases of English secularism and unbelief. In a popular manner, he meets the average objections against Christianity. The method that he follows in the present volume, to which he gives the sub-title "A Conversational Guide to Evidential Work," is cast in the form of a dialogue, though in this dialogue the conventional man of straw seems to have brains and bowels, and is not altogether the creation of the study. Striking a happy mean between the recondite scholar and the revivalist, Mr. Harrison furnishes a first-rate work, which will be useful to those preachers and teachers of Christianity that are called to face either blatant infidelity or honest objection, as they appear in the usual popular forms. (\$2. Longmans, Green & Co.)

—THE CLERGYMEN and laymen that have read Canon H. S. Holland's homiletical works—and they are many on both sides of the Atlantic—will welcome his new volume, entitled "Pleas and Claims for Christ." In this collection the author writes with the same spirit that characterizes his volumes on "Creed and Character" and "Logic and Life." The beauty of the method in these discourses is that they come to us like fresh ripe fruit from the trees; for the author very properly declines to revise them by the light of a higher literary standard, because such revision would change their type. In substance they are full of the thought and feeling of a man who, while laying hold upon the profoundest truths in Christianity, has also intense sympathy with the men and thought of to-day. Like the great cathedral of which Mr. Holland is a Canon-Residentiary, his calm thought stands right in the midst of the roar and bustle of modern life. Like St. Paul's dome also, which, though in the midst of foggy and smoky London, needs no prosaic iron bands to hold it together, unlike the great Angelo's mid-air pantheon in Rome, these discourses are held in union and symmetry, because both foundation and superstructure are strong and well-grounded. These sermons impress us by their force, clearness and the quality of being well thought out. They deserve wide reading. (\$2. Longmans, Green & Co.)

THOSE WHO delight in "The Christian Year"—and such may be counted by thousands—will find in the biography of John Keble by the Rev. Walter Lock the best summary of his life and character. Mr. Lock is a Fellow of Mary Magdalen College, and has examined and sifted most of the correspondence of Keble. This year being the centennial anniversary of his birth, this scholarly and readable volume is most timely and welcome. A good frontispiece shows clearly the spiritual face of the great hymnist. The book tells particularly about the formation and growth of "The Christian Year" and of the struggle of mind that came to him when the Oxford and Tractarian movement began and increased. One chapter shows the preacher in interesting detail. That upon characteristics and influence is a fine analysis of his wonderful spiritual power. An appendix gives the poems of "The Christian Year," arranged in order of composition, and another presents a bibliography of all his writings. Probably, on account

of its condensation and clearness, this is the biography of Keble most likely to be read in the future. (\$1. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

New Books and New Editions

"EASTWARD to the Land of the Morning," by M. M. Shoemaker, is a record of another tourist that put a girdle around the earth, not in thirty seconds, but during the days and nights of one winter. Beginning at Brindisi, and passing through Egypt, India and China, the traveller leaves us in Japan, and concludes the story with the picture of a deck, steamer-chairs and well-swaddled passengers, waiting for the cry of "land ho!" Of the mechanical part of the book, its wide-margined and heavy "laid" or clayey paper, indifferent and numerous illustrations, good print and binding, one can speak with some commendation. When, however, the text is reached, the more than occasional bad grammar, misprints, misspellings, or, possibly, a new set of phonetics or volapuk mar the enjoyment of reading. If the track is a beaten one, the comments are commonplace, and the evidences of culture, freshness of observation or profound reflection are not numerous. Apart from these drawbacks, the chapters are delightfully short, the physical health, flow of animal spirits and enjoyment of novelities seem contagious. India and Japan appear to be the author's favorite countries. And even the experienced "globe-trotter" may here find things hitherto unseen, and, in the enjoyment of the many bright pages, forget all about the lapses of "Romeo and Juliette," "Kiotio," the loose statistics and the absence of profound insight into the civilizations glanced at. The book is, however, another evidence of the liberal tendency of travel. On many pages are proofs that the author's previous ideas of the world and humanity, as derived from the parochial clergyman, have been broadened and reconstructed. (\$1.25. Robert Clarke & Co.)

PARTS 9, 10, 11 and 12 of "Famous Composers and their Works" maintain the standard of excellence set by the earlier numbers. The articles contained in these parts are "Mendelssohn," by John S. Dwight; "Meyerbeer," by Arthur Pougin; "Johann Strauss," by Henry T. Finck; "Schumann," "Brahms," "Rheinberger" and "Robert Franz," by Louis Kelterborn; "Bruch," by Louis C. Elson, and "Raff," "Goldmark" and the beginning of that on Wagner, by W. J. Henderson. Mr. Dwight's paper on Mendelssohn will delight all that love the most gentlemanlike of composers, by reason of its exceeding amiability. It is as if we once more heard Haydn acclaiming Mozart as the greatest of composers because his work was always in good taste. M. Pougin is a Parisian and he might have been expected to indulge in over-warm praise of Meyerbeer; but it certainly is going a long way to proclaim that "conscience, indeed, was one of Meyerbeer's master qualities." This is a statement which will surprise even Meyerbeer's admirers, who have always admitted that he did much simply for theatrical effect, but have pleaded that such effect was justifiable on artistic grounds. M. Pougin also looks upon it as a thing to be praised that Meyerbeer "was the first to give to France the example of these five-act operas of colossal dimensions, the performance of which requires fully five hours," etc. Ah, Mascagni, Mascagni, what an iconoclast you are to be sure with your terse little tragedies of two hours that thrill us from start to finish and never have bare spots. "Cavalleria Rusticana" is the best possible comment on M. Pougin's enthusiasm. Mr. Finck's article on Strauss will not surprise those who know the writer. The author declares that Strauss was a genius. The other articles are interesting. It may be noted that Mr. Henderson corrects all the encyclopædias and musical dictionaries on the matter of Goldmark's age, the composer being two years older than the so-called authorities make him. The illustrations and musical examples in the new parts are, as usual, good. (50 cts. each. Boston: The J. B. Millet Co. New York: Henry N. Thomas.)

THE REV. J. D. BLOODGOOD, PH.B., now a Methodist pastor at Tioga Centre, N. Y., belongs to the Church Militant, though a man of peace. Once, however, he wore the blue and was a Sergeant of Company I of the 141st Pennsylvania Volunteers. He is one of those commendable individuals that kept a diary, which has been of great aid to him in confirming his memory. His little book, entitled "Personal Reminiscences of the War," makes delightful reading because of its unassuming style. He avoids the vice, so common to private soldiers or petty officers, of attempting to sketch the whole science of the war and of showing what a good Brigadier-General he would have made. He tells about the breaking-out of hostilities and his enlisting as a three-year's man. Campaign life is pleasantly described, as well as the forty-five pounds of equipments which new soldiers are sure to have; that forty-five pounds seems on a long march to weigh a ton is well remembered by the critic, as well as by the author. The sensations of a soldier on first going into battle are luminously set forth. Our author's experiences were in the Army of the Potomac, and not a few interesting side-

lights are thrown upon the great events of the war by his attractive narrative. The final chapter gives a very interesting word-picture, showing the contrast of the two armies at the time of Lee's surrender. The author thinks highly of Gen. Meade as well as of Gen. Grant. The author was wounded at Gettysburg, but in his narrative has made little of his sufferings. Incidentally the book is of value in showing the composition of the average Pennsylvania regiment, which in quality was probably above the general average of the whole army. (\$1. Hunt & Eaton.)

MR. SAMUEL HUBBARD SCUDDER'S (1) "Brief Guide to the Commoner Butterflies of the Northern United States and Canada" is intended to aid the beginner in studying about one hundred of the species that are most frequently met east of the Great Plains. The territory covered is, therefore, that of Gray's "Manual of Botany," and, since particular butterflies are usually to be found on particular plants, the study of both works may well be taken up together. The introduction of thirty-two pages gives a general account of butterfly morphology, metamorphoses and classification. This is followed by keys to the various groups in the three stages of chrysalis, caterpillar and perfect insect; and the body of the book is devoted to detailed accounts of the forms and habits of the various species.—OF ONE of these, the common orange and black milk-weed butterfly, the author treats at large in a smaller volume (2) "The Life of a Butterfly." Mr. Scudder brings together a great number of observations on it, and shows that its original habitat was, probably, the tropical parts of this continent; but it has spread, with its food-plant, the milk-weed, since 1845, to Hawaii, and thence south-eastwardly over all Polynesia and Australasia. It has also spread eastwardly to the Bahamas, Brittany and Southern England, and bids fair to put a girdle around the world. A highly interesting chapter is devoted to the perfumed wing-scales of this and other butterflies ([1] \$1.25. [2] \$1. Henry Holt & Co.)

HARPER'S BLACK AND WHITE Series long ago ceased to need an introduction. But it has issued nothing better than "A Little Swiss Sojourn," by Mr. W. D. Howells, which is a gem in a simple setting. It is one of those prose idylls that are bound to live. If anyone has ears to hear, he can catch an echo of the whole book and find the secret of its charm in the first sentence:—"Out of the eighty or ninety days that we passed in Switzerland there must have been at least ten that were fair, not counting the forenoons before it began to rain, and the afternoons when it cleared up." All the rest of "A Little Swiss Sojourn" is in that style. The language flows like water under the sunlit willows. In reading it, one takes on a temperament that is made up equally of grace, indolence and good-fellowship, all saturated with an easy humor like the flavor of old wine. There is added curiosity enough to make sure of seeing all that should be seen, together with poetic feeling sufficient to edge the background of it all with purple. Indeed, it is hard to see how "A Little Swiss Sojourn" can escape charming everyone that has a love for nature and the antique. It will bring him close home not only to lakes and forests, clouds and mountains, but also to men and the ways of men. The play of color about the Dent-du-Midi makes a thread of poetry through the whole book. Fully as delightful reading, however, are the few pages on which is etched the character of Bonnard. The history of the vintage at Villeneuve and a faint shadow of the world's affairs, as imaged in Swiss politics, glide along side by side. There is a host of delightful things that can be had in miniature during any hour with Mr. Howells at the *pension* in that little corner of the Canton Vaud, where "when the day was fair the sun came loafing up over the eastern mountains about ten o'clock in the morning, and lounged down behind the western tops about half-past three, after dinner. But then he left the eternal snows of the Dent-du-Midi all flushed with his light, and in the meantime he had glittered for five hours upon the *bleu impossible* of the Lake of Geneva, and had shown in a hundred changing lights and shadows the storied and sentimentalized towers of the Castle of Chillon." (50 cts. Harper & Bros.)

MR. LAWRENCE HOUSMAN'S "Selections from the Writings of William Blake" includes a large share of what is really valuable in the prose and poetical productions of that strange genius. Much, indeed, might have been omitted; for in the "Songs of Innocence" and the "Songs of Experience," the most popular of Blake's writings, the proportion of beauty to commonplace is not large; and the fragment of a dialogue that Mr. Housman has unearthed was hardly worth printing. But with the more happily inspired among the poems, with the "Book of Thiel" and the "Marriage of Heaven and Hell," and with the extracts given from Blake's descriptions of his own paintings, the reader should be able to form some idea of Blake's mental constitution and the reasons why his writings have grown in interest. Mr. Housman, in his introduction,

expounds Blake from the artistic, rather than the literary point of view; and in this, we think, he is better advised than Mr. Swinburne, who examines Blake's designs for literary ideas. Blake's was essentially a plastic mind, one well-stocked with images, but possessed of but few and rudimentary ideas. Hence he was, in his own sense of the term, a prophet, and it cannot be denied that his doctrines, which were received by his contemporaries as the ravings of a madman, are now commonly preached as the deductions from scientific facts. His leading idea was of the all-importance of energy. Ugliness—the ugliness of power—was almost as acceptable to him as beauty. Mr. Housman brings out the point clearly by quoting from Blake's description of his painting called "The Ancient Britons," in which the three that survive King Arthur's last battle are the ugliest man, the most beautiful and the strongest. (\$1.75. Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons.)

Recent Fiction

THERE IS a certain humble, but tender little romance connected with the birth of Parson Jones. His father and mother had reached the age of forty before they were able to marry, the man having a living to make and the woman an invalid mother to nurse. When at last they find themselves in a position to marry, they are so blissfully happy that they devote their son unhesitatingly to the service of God as an expression of their gratitude. They do not consult the boy's inclinations, they simply bring him up to think there is nothing else for him to do. When he is through college and has a parish, his mother, who is then his only surviving parent, marries him to a good, but commonplace woman that she thinks will make him a suitable wife. He obeys in this instance as he has in every other; he has never been in love with anyone, he does not know any better. His time comes, however, and he realizes that, placid as his life has been, he has never known what happiness meant and that his awakening means unending misery. The story is called "Parson Jones," is quite well written and is rather appealing because so intensely human. It is by Florence Marryat. (\$1. Cassell Publishing Co.)

THE SCENE OF "The Doomsman," by Gertrude Atherton, is laid in Mexico, in the town of Monterey, and is based on an old Spanish legend that the woman, who is a twin, is a woman of doom; that she has the power to heal and curse; to give and to know the highest joy and the deepest sorrow; her love exalts and her hate blasts; in her nature is iron and fire, and the fire melts the iron; calm is not her lot, nor the lot of those who link their fate with hers—and so on to the end. In this instance the doomsman is the beautiful daughter of a noble Spanish house, who is in love with and is loved in return by the scion of a race that is her people's hereditary enemy. This man comes into her life and exercises the most extraordinary power over her; she feels there is something in him that belongs to her, and yet she knows she can never marry him. It is an unwritten law that their two families shall not marry. She tells him that she loves him, only when she resolves to leave him forever. Just as she makes her confession something happens that ruins her love for life—she is the doomsman to the last. The story is exciting, but is greatly exaggerated and overdone, and full of overstrained sentiment. (\$1. Tait, Sons & Co.)

THE SON OF AN English baronet marries a girl of the people, a woman who loves, not him, but the hopes he brings her; who marries, not him, but ambition. His father refuses to see him again, and vows he will disinherit him. Shortly after that, the old gentleman is taken sick and his daughter-in-law appeals to the doctors to allow her to nurse him. As he has never seen her he will not know who she is, and she hopes to ingratiate herself with him and induce him to be reconciled to her marriage with his son. She soon decides that to be impossible, and she then resolves to hasten the old man's demise by disclosing her identity to him suddenly. The doctors have said he must not receive a shock, and this news has a most disastrous effect upon him. Not content, however, she hastens his death still further and is discovered by the physician in charge who compels her to leave the house, nevermore to return. The story is called "A Wasted Crime," and is by David Christie Murray; and the crime is wasted because the woman would have gained her ends if she had waited. As a story it has little to recommend it. (50 cts. Harper & Bros.)

A VOLUME OF SHORT STORIES, by Margaret Deland, called "Mr. Tommy Dove, and Other Stories," contains some very pleasant reading. There is great variety in the stories, in their subjects and in the way they are handled; they are well written and they are quite unusual. Mr. Tommy Dove, the village apothecary in Old Chester, with his timid, shrinking nature and his utter loneliness, is a very pathetic character. His attempt at a love-affair

with Miss Jane Temple, who is almost as timid and almost as lonely as himself, is rudely broken in upon by Miss Jane's brother, to whose creature comfort she is too necessary for him to view Mr. Tommy Dove as anything but an absurdity. "The Face on the Wall" is a terrible story but a very fine one. The woman here marries an artist, believing him to be everything that is noble and true. He has no real talent and he becomes a confirmed drunkard and gambler, sinking himself and dragging his wife down with him to the lowest depths. Her faith in him through it all, even to his tragic end, exhibits a curious phase of human nature. (\$1. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)—"His Letters," by Julien Gordon, is the history of a love-affair told in a one-sided correspondence. We have the man's letters and no hint of the woman's, except an occasional allusion made by him to something she has said. His letters are filled with hopelessly inane ravings and and sickly sentimental trash that is fatiguing to a degree. That kind of thing is occasionally interesting to the one person to whom it is addressed; there is nothing in it to appeal to anyone else, and from cover to cover in this volume we get no relief from it. (\$1. Cassell Publishing Co.)

"OLD KASKASKIA," Mary Hartwell Catherwood's new story, has the town itself for its theme, situated as it was a century ago, on the long peninsula between the Okaw and the Mississippi rivers, when its wharf was crowded with vessels from New Orleans, and the arched stone bridge across the Okaw was a thoroughfare of hurrying carriages. Jean Lozier lives on the bluff overlooking the town, which he loves with the homesick longing of one who is born for cities and condemned to the fields. He has never entered the place, because he is doomed to turn the clods of the upland to keep his grandfather alive. The old man dies at last and Jean is free; but it is too late. Just when he was ready to go to Kaskaskia, there was no Kaskaskia to go to, the waters having closed over it. Jean thought he could have borne his bereavement better if battle and fire had swept the town away; but to see it lying drowned before him turned his heart to stone. Side by side with this boy's poetic longing and great disappointment, there runs the love-story of a consumptive girl and a rascal unworthy of her in every respect. It is with Jean, however, that our interest lies; but for him the story would be worthless. (\$1.25. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

ANYTHING MORE COMMONPLACE than "A Washington Symphony," by Mrs. William Lamont Wheeler, could not be imagined. Where the "symphony" part of this composition comes in, is not very clear to the average reader. The hyphenated heroine, Mrs. Leigh-Scott, is probably intended to be something of a symphony, she is certainly said to possess all the virtues. She is a brilliant conversationalist, a sympathetic and appreciative listener, has a bonhomie and a personal magnetism that disarms criticism and takes the sharp edge from the gossips' tongues; in fact, she is a person who gets the very best out of her life and the lives of others. Her own happiness is ended; but her time is spent in securing the happiness of others. (\$1. G. P. Putnam's Sons.)—T. R. SULLIVAN HAS put some very sweet, attractive little tales into a collection called "Day and Night Stories." Partially around the world the author has gone in search of settings for his characters and his incidents. The scene of one is laid in Toledo, another in Venice, another in Florence and yet another in New England. There is, of course, not much local color in any of them; they consist of events that might happen to anyone anywhere. A young girl like Flora could have fallen in love with a man like the Clerk of the Weather, who was twice her own age, in any portion of the world, as well as in New England; but the story is well told, and one reads along without asking for much else. (\$1. Charles Scribner's Sons.)

"THE STORY OF A STORY, and Othert Stories" is a volume in which Brander Matthews publishes a number of things that have appeared before in various magazines. They are very odd, very clever and really interesting. In "The Story of a Story," the author adopts a curious method of telling us the inner history of such a thing. He first gives us the author just as he is finishing this particular piece of work; then the editor, who doesn't think much of it, but makes room for it any way; then the artist, who illustrates it thinking much more of his illustration than of the story; then the printer, to whom it is only so many words; then the publisher, who views it as an advertising medium; then the critic, who scarcely alludes to it at all, and then only to damn it with faint praise, and last, but not least by any manner of means to the author, the public, of all ages and conditions, who admire it extravagantly and to whom it really means something. The other stories are almost equally interesting, particularly "The New Member of the Club," with his endless tales about his brother-in-law, and "Etelka Talmeyr," who puzzled two men for a time because of her resemblance to her mother. (\$1.25, Harper & Bros.)

The Lounger

IT MUST BE gratifying to the publishing fraternity to know that authors of the first, and even of the second and third rank are conspicuous by their absence from the roll-call of both the American Society of Authors and the American Protective Society of Authors. The object of these societies, from what I can glean, is to protect their members from the snares of dishonest publishers. Now, it seems to me that there is a much better way of protecting themselves than this, and that is to avoid having any relations whatever with dishonest publishers. The number of honest publishers so far exceeds the number of dishonest ones, that the author would have no difficulty in finding the former, while to find the latter he must go around with a telescope. Another thing I have observed in this connection—the successful author seldom has any doubt as to the honesty of his publisher; it is only the authors whose books do not sell that question the methods of their publishers. In England, where the somewhat mystifying "half-profit" system is in practice, an author may at times have doubts as to where the expense column should be divided; but in this country, where he receives so much for every copy of his book sold, it seems to me that the matter is simple enough. Instead of forming societies to protect themselves against the scheming publisher, I think it would be much more to the point if the authors would take a few lessons in bookkeeping, or learn something about the business of publishing. Then they would see that the publisher's side of the ledger was not all profit and the author's all loss.

APROPOS OF THE relations of author and publisher, I quote this paragraph from R. H. Sherard's Paris letter in *The Author*:—

"I was delighted with the *déjeuner* that Messrs. Charpentier and Fasquelle gave to artistic and literary Paris on Wednesday last in celebration of the conclusion of Zola's Rougon-Macquart series. There were about two hundred guests, and the *déjeuner* was held on one of the islands in the lake of the Bois de Boulogne. Zola looked very spruce in a black frock coat, light grey trousers, and a pair of varnished boots. I sat just behind him, next to Jules Jouy, the *chansonnier*, and opposite to Yvette Guilbert, who, during Charpentier's speech, where reference was made to the days of misery which Zola and Madame Zola had passed through, burst into very genuine tears. Zola's speech in answer to Charpentier was a very touching one. He called his publisher 'my old friend,' and said, 'if I have not ceased writing you have not ceased publishing,' so that, in sort, as much of the honor was due to the publisher. It was a pleasant sight to see author and publisher sitting side by side united by such bonds of affection."

I HAVE BEEN looking at the portrait of J. A. Froude in the *July Book-Buyer*. It is engraved by Krull from a photograph and has every appearance of being a good likeness. It is a strong, rugged face, and, after studying it, I can appreciate a remark that Mr. Froude when he first visited this country made to a friend of mine. He said he knew that there were people who enjoyed music, but he could not understand the peculiarity of mind that made such enjoyment possible. When you look at the straight mouth and the cold eyes with their straight eyebrows, you can see that, while the face shows great historic possibilities, there is not much musical inspiration in it. From the biographical sketch that accompanies the portrait we learn that "Mr. Froude is known as a man engrossed with his literary and educational work; given to the society of only a limited group of personal friends; avoiding the reportorial intrusions and exploitations and gossipry tolerated by many authors; and as almost as retired a resident of his native England as was Carlyle himself. His health is treacherous, and the demands upon him require his careful husbanding of it."

THE PERTINENT EPITAPH that served for the baby that wondered what it was begun for, if it was to be "done for" so soon; might be inscribed over the grave of the departed Theatre of Arts and Letters. I cannot for the life of me see what it was "begun for." It may have had a purpose, but if that purpose was worth while, it was never fulfilled. With two or three exceptions, the plays produced would have done more good if they had never seen the light. There is still, I believe, room for a society that will produce during the winter five or six plays whose merit, though real, is not of a sort to attract the average manager. The theatre of such a society, being virtually endowed, might do an interesting, if not a great work, but it would need the most intelligent management. "Giles Corey, Yeoman," was the one redeeming production of the Society of Arts and Letters. "The Squirrel Inn" is a good story, but there is not much of a play in it.

"THE PROVIDENCE *Journal* has a New York correspondent, Mr. Julian Ralph, who dislikes reformers," writes an occasional writer of paragraphs for this column. "In a recent letter he wrote"—

"The tom-fool Theatre of Arts and Letters is dead and its nine dreary plays are to be offered for sale. I was appealed to to help it and to buy season tickets in a letter full of cant about reform and 'the good cause' and 'missionary work,' and I am glad it is dead. It appealed to a narrow little clique of men who fancy because they can write that they can write plays, and who, having worked like the old Harry to get into the magazines, are not willing to work as hard again to get on the stage. * * * I am glad it has failed so very quickly and with such a very dull thud. However, the members of the dead theatre need not mind. They are all for reforming the world, and if they fail at one end there's plenty more left, and will be while reformers live."

"Among the authors of these 'nine dreary plays' were Mr. F. J. Stimson, Mr. Frank R. Stockton, Mr. Brander Matthews, Mr. Richard Harding Davis and Miss Mary E. Wilkins. Does Mr. Ralph mean that these authors 'worked like the old Harry to get into the magazines'? Does he seriously think that they are 'a little clique'? The Theatre of Arts and Letters was sadly mismanaged, no doubt, and its projector paid the penalty. What need is there to rejoice that an interesting experiment miscarried?"

ANDREW LANG does not see much good in the recent Congress of Authors; but, nevertheless, (writing before the event) he says:—"I have a month's mind to sail to Chicago, and try to explain the difference between art and trade, on one hand, and mendicancy on the other." If the authors' Congress had succeeded in bringing Mr. Lang to Chicago, it would need no further vindication. Lecture "bureaus" have held up bags of gold before his eyes as inducement for him to come to America; but he has invariably turned his back upon them. Now if the Congress of Authors succeeded in doing what gold could not do, we should have much to be grateful for. But alas! when Mr. Lang had this "month's mind," the Congress was a thing of the future; now it is a thing of the past. However, if he will come, I dare say the authors will be glad to get up another congress for his special benefit—Lang Authors' Congress—with Andrew to do all the talking, and no one to answer back. The first thing he would do would be to tell the authors that they need no congresses "to assist literature by promoting the independence of those who write." He would ask them in what sense are authors "dependent," and he would, I am sure, prove that they are a very independent class. "We are dependent on the public taste," says Mr. Lang, "dependent for our commercial profits; but we are dependent on no other thing under heaven." If congresses of authors can secure pecuniary independence for literary workers, in all conscience let them convene. But they can't. The public does this and the public alone. If an author succeeds he is successful, and it is about the same in other professions and trades.

A NEW KIND of engraving, or perhaps I should say, an old kind revived has become the fashion in France. Its master is Florian, excellent specimens of whose work are the frontispiece of the August *Harper's* and the picture accompanying "The Handsome Humes." Notice the delicacy of the lines—it is all line work—and the somewhat grey tone. The whole of the art is delicacy. Florian, I believe, is the only man that does it, except his brother, who helps him occasionally; and he is the busiest engraver in France. His work is engaged for years ahead, and he is better paid than any European engraver.

JAMES PAYN is as great a cockney as was Charles Lamb. He never goes away from London unless forced to, and he thinks that the stories told by enthusiasts of the delights of country life are a delusion and a snare. In a recent number of *The Illustrated London News*, he speaks of a paragraph in this column on the subject of the abandoned farms of New England. He admits that the descriptions of them sound attractive enough; but he wonders what sort of a tale will be told by the literary men that are invited to "spend an ideal vacation" amid those rural scenes, after they have put these attractions to the test. He says that in England to "pass the summer in a farmhouse is the dream of a great many respectable families—until they have seen the farmhouse. The notion that Arcadia is free from the vices of Burlington Arcadia has of late years been exploded; but it is still fondly imagined that in the country there are no evil smells; yet in London there are few middle-class dwellings which can compete with the fustiness of an ill-ventilated farmhouse." But why go to an "ill-ventilated" farmhouse, any more than to an ill-ventilated town-house?

I was in the gorgeous drawing-room of the newest hotel in New York the other evening, and I was almost overcome by its "fustiness." It was one of the hottest nights of the week and every window was closed and every shade drawn tightly down, though it was not yet nine o'clock. If the room had been lighted by gas instead of electricity, it would have been as hot as the sands of Africa. As it

was, I beat a hasty retreat to the restaurant on the floor below. It was not much better there. To be sure the windows were open, but the one beside my table opened over the steam of a Russian bath, I should say, judging by the vapors that were wafted in. I finally got a table near a window better situated; but anyone that knows the streets of New York, knows that it was simply changing the quality of the heat, with maddening noises and strange smells thrown in.

Some American Book-Plates

AS THE INTEREST in book-plates is a growing one, and as we have already given facsimiles of a number of those used by foreign book-lovers, we give herewith a few belonging to our own countrymen. Mr. Charles Dexter Allen of Hartford, Conn., Corresponding Secretary for the United States of the Ex Libris Society of London and member of the Ex Libris Verein in Berlin and the Société Française des Collectionneurs d'Ex Libris, is preparing a book on the interesting subject of the *Ex Libris* in America; and from his zeal and knowledge of the subject, we doubt not that his "Handbook on American Book-Plates" will prove exhaustive. The fashion of book-plates has been revived, and a book-collector would as soon think of cutting the pages of his books, as not to have an *ex libris*. It is a pretty hobby, when it is not vulgarized, and it seems to us to give a book a touch of personal interest not to be found in a mere autograph, though the latter certainly adds a human element.

Dr. Holmes's book-plate, it will be observed, celebrates one of his most famous poems, "The Chambered Nautilus."



Oliver Wendell Holmes.

This one—Mr. Allen's—which is very suggestive of the cover of *The Book-Buyer*, gives evidence of a general, rather than special taste in books.



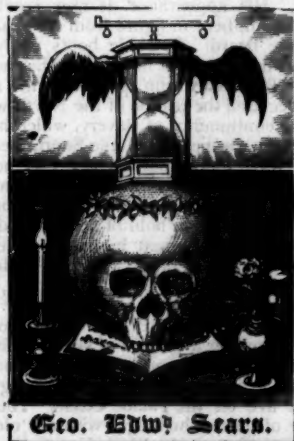
Mr. Aldrich's *ex libris* suggests a dramatic leaning, which, in the writer of an acted drama, and much dramatic verse, is not surprising.



Mr. Brander Matthews, whose speciality is books relating to the stage, carries out this idea in his book-plate—which, by the way, was made by Mr. Edwin A. Abbey.



In his book-plate, Mr. Sears—the most insatiable book-collector of this group—seems to symbolize several things to which, unfortunately, we do not possess the key.



We append a list of the American members of the *Ex-Libris* Society of London:—Charles Dexter Allen, Hartford, Conn.; G. A. Armour, Chicago; S. P. Avery, New York; W. R. Benjamin, New York; E. H. Bierstadt, New York; Henry Blackwell, New York; E. W. Blatchford, Chicago; Boston Athenæum; Boston Public Library; J. H. Corning, Washington, D. C.; Hon. W. A. Courtenay, Charleston, S. C.; H. E. Deats, Flemington, N. J.; Pickering Dodge, Washington, D. C.; Dr. J. H. Dubbs, Lancaster, Pa.; Mrs. C. H. Duhme, La Fayette, Ind.; Dr. Henry C. Eno, Saugatuck, Conn.; E. H. Frost, Charleston, S. C.; Grolier Club, New York; E. N. Henries, Boston; Fred J. Libbie, Boston; R. C. Lichtenstein, Jamaica Plain, Mass.; New York State Library, Albany;

Nathaniel Paine, Worcester, Mass.; George B. Perry, Boston; Daniel Ravenel, Charleston, S. C.; J. Douglass Scott, Hyde Park, Mass.; Howard Sill, Washington, D. C.; Frederick Webber, Washington, D. C.; John P. Woodbury, Boston; Worcester (Mass.) Public Library.

The latest development of the taste for book-plates is highly comic. A Parisian dealer named Joly, noting that many celebrated people of the past had no book-plates, has determined to supply them. He announces a series of "*Ex-libris* imaginaires et supposés de personnages célèbres anciens et modernes," and begins with the book-plates of Poe and Brillat-Savarin!

A Columbus Exhibition at the Lenox Library

THE VALUABLE collection of manuscripts, early printed books, maps and charts belonging to the Lenox Library and concerning Columbus, his family and associates, has been placed on exhibition in flat cases in the northern wing of the library. There are also many documents relating to the earliest period of discovery and conquest on this continent. The most interesting single exhibit is the unique copy of the first edition of Columbus's Spanish letter, giving an account of his great discovery. What purported to be another copy appeared at the Ives sale in this city some years ago; but that is now held, on the best authority, to be a forgery. That in the Lenox Library is believed to be the only genuine copy extant. It is a square folio of four pages, and is supposed to have been printed in Barcelona, in 1494, by the German printer, Rosembach. The library also possesses copies of the two Latin editions, very slightly differing from one another, printed at Rome, probably by Stephen Planck, in the same year, and one of Silber's Roman edition, also of 1493, in six pages. A copy of the pictorial edition without date, place or printer's name, but of which a reimpression was made at Basle in 1493, has been facsimiled by the library, and is published with a translation by the librarian, Mr. Eames. Of ten other editions, German, Italian and Latin, which appeared before 1498, the library possesses copies or facsimiles of six.

Several cases are devoted to early editions of Ptolemy, beginning with the beautifully illuminated manuscript from which the Roman edition of 1478 was copied, and ending with that printed at Padua in 1624. The Roman edition of 1508 contains the earliest engraved map that shows the New World, the Cape of Good Hope and Madagascar, and that does not make the Indian Ocean an enclosed sea. On a copper globe of about 1510, presented to the library by Mr. Richard M. Hunt, the continent of South America and the West India Islands are very fairly delineated.

The library owns autograph letters of Fray Sancho Bobadilla, Fray Juan de Trasierra and Francisco Roldan, all addressed from Hayti to Cardinal Ximenes. Roldan's letter is not dated, but must have been written before 1502, in which year both he and Bobadilla were lost at sea. The others bear date of 1500. There are three letters of Diego Columbus, one addressed to King Ferdinand and two to Ximenes; one of Miguel de Passamonte, from San Domingo, June 12, 1510, to Miguel Per, Secretary of the Council; a letter of Don Nicolas de Ovando to the King, concerning Ovando's removal and the appointment of Diego Columbus to succeed him; and one from Fray Domingo de Mendoza to Cardinal Ximenes, written "de la isla y pueblo y casa de Santo Domingo," February 18, 1512. A considerable number of transcripts of older documents, made about 1780, include the articles of agreement between their Catholic Majesties and Don Christopher Columbus, April 17, 1492; a copy of the diary of Columbus, describing his first voyage; one of his letters describing the third voyage; one of his will; one of King Ferdinand's decree directing Nicolas de Ovando to pay to Diego Columbus the sum in gold due him on his father's account. There are copies, made about the same time, of Don Fernando Columbus's memorial to the Emperor Charles V., on Fernando's plan for founding a great public library, and extracts from the archives of the Cathedral of Seville concerning Don Fernando's books, and a copy of the Emperor's ordinance conferring the title of Duke of Veragua on Don Luis Columbus, son of Diego, Jan. 19, 1537. The great Columbus lawsuit over the succession to this title, begun in 1597, and decided in 1790 in favor of the grandfather of the present Duke, can be followed through three cases filled with manuscript and printed copies of legal documents. There is also a book, once owned by Fernando Columbus, with a marginal note in his handwriting stating that he purchased it at Rome in 1515.

Among the most interesting of a large number of photographs of documents in other libraries are facsimiles of pages out of the copies of Aeneas Sylvius, and of D'Ailly's "*Imago Mundi*," which had belonged to Columbus, with marginal notes in the handwriting of Bartholomew Columbus. The originals are in the Colombina Library at Seville. The Lenox Library owns no autograph of Columbus, and should make use of the opportunity that doubtless

now exists of obtaining some or all of the thirteen autographs belonging to the Duke of Veragua.

Among the books bearing on early discoveries and conquests in America are copies of thirteen editions of Vesputius's letter describing his third voyage, printed between 1503 and 1508; the first edition of Peter Martyr's *Decades*, "De Orbo Novo Decades," Seville, 1511; a copy of the earliest map with the name of America, Vienna, 1520; the first editions of Cortez's second, third and fourth "Relacions," Seville, 1522-23, and Toledo 1525; of Gonzalo Fernandez de Oviedo's "De la Natural Historia de las Indias," Toledo, 1526; of Francisco de Xeres's "La Conquista de Peru," with a picture on the title-page of Indians being baptized; and six editions of the famous collection of voyages, "Paesi Novamente Retrovati," one with a wood-cut of the king enthroned in the open air receiving Vesputius on his return, and another with a bird's-eye view of Venice on the title. Finally, the Polyglot Psalter of Genoa, 1516, lies open at the page where the words, in Psalm XIX., "In omnem terram extensi sunt effectus eorum," are made the excuse for a long marginal note about the new discoveries.

The books and MSS. will remain on exhibition all summer.

An Author-Minister from Argentina

IN THE OLDER countries, diplomats who are also authors appear about as often as white sparrows—perhaps because the pressure of population tends toward a division of labor. Novelists and journalists in South America seem to stand a better chance of making a name in diplomacy also, than they do here or in Europe. We have had in Washington, it is true, Señor Juan Valera representing Spain, and we ourselves have been represented at Madrid by Irving and Lowell, in Germany by Bancroft and Bayard Taylor and in Holland by John Lothrop Motley. The Argentine Republic has just sent as Minister to Washington, and as counsel representing that vast country in the *Missiones* case to be argued before President Cleveland, a writer of considerable note among the Spanish-speaking inhabitants of South America.

Don Estanislao Zeballos was born and brought up in a land where everybody who can write indites verses, and the active-minded youth take naturally to journalism, literature, politics and war. In some respects, Argentina is like the United States of eighty or ninety years ago. The wildest speculation in land, the most impossible financiering and great corruption among government officers obtain there as they did with us early in the century. Some of these things we ourselves have not outgrown. The new Minister from the Argentine is an outcome of this state of affairs. Having made a mark at college in Buenos Ayres, he took to journalism before earning his degree, rather as a step to a diplomatic career than as a profession. Doctor of Laws and editor of *La Prensa*, he was ready to lay down the pen and draw the sword whenever the ambition of President or Provincial Governor became too overweening. This occasion presented itself when the revolution broke out in September, 1874.

Seeing the need that his countrymen should know something about their own enormous territory, which extends from the Strait of Magellan far up to Bolivia and Peru, and from the southern parts of Brazil over to the Andes, he set to work, as soon as hostilities ended, to establish a Geographical Society. It was a success, and Patagonia, the illimitable expanses of the Pampas, Tierra del Fuego and the little-explored region to the north called El Gran Chaco were visited by expeditions. Zeballos was next elected President of the Rural Society. Meanwhile his pen did not rest, nor did he discontinue his political activity. Representative for the province of Santa Fé, and again a deputy from Buenos Ayres in the Argentine Parliament, he wrote, spoke and debated on all the great questions of the day. For several years in succession, he was elected President of the Chamber of Deputies, and in 1889 became Minister of Foreign Affairs. This is the defender of Argentina's case against Brazil, wherein each republic claims a big corner of land on the Parana and Uruguay Rivers, once settled by the Jesuits, who found in the Guarani Indians docile catechumens and grateful slaves.

In his short, busy, eventful life, Don Estanislao has found time to make many expeditions and give accounts of them, to write a number of novels on the Indians, part sensational, part ethnological, and to begin a history of Paraguay, for which he has amassed a large library of books and manuscripts. The lands in dispute between Brazil and Argentina are in the closest proximity to Paraguay, and the new Minister has a better equipment for his task than anyone else is likely to possess. Dr. Morel, editor of *La Nación* of Buenos Ayres, speaks of him as a "South American Yankee in mind and action."

Separated from Argentina by Mexico and the West Indies, by the Isthmus and Brazil, the United States realizes the existence of the Republic only when the Barings succumb, or a cruiser shows its

uncommon flag—blue and white with a rayed sun—in the port of New York, or when it is "Argentine Day" at the World's Fair. We are therefore fain to take Don Estanislao's merit as a novelist at second-hand, since his romances have not cut such a figure in the reading world as his diplomatic acts. We gather from Argentine sources, however, that he has found the Indians of South America fully as picturesque and available for fiction as Fenimore Cooper found our redskins. Indeed, unless the old Spanish writers were leagued together to deceive the world, these Indians offer materials far better, partly owing to their greater variety and the higher level at which civilization stood among certain tribes. We need not expect, however, that Zeballos in his three Indian romances (which are entitled, "The Dynasty of Las Piedras," "Painé" and "Relmeé") has struck the vein that keeps the Leatherstocking tales the delight of each successive generation of boys in America and Europe. We are grateful to the Argentines for sending us a man of letters who seems to represent what is best in his country in many departments of activity and thought.

Boston Letter

I WONDER if it is really the sword of Gen. Warren that hangs in an antique store on Beacon Street, or whether history will be misled? It is a handsome, well-made blade that the present holder, Mr. S. Jacob, declares was brought to him by a Dedham gentleman, and which is claimed by both to be the identical sword carried by Warren when he fell at Bunker Hill. If so, it is a most interesting relic, and some antiquary will be found willing to give the \$250 demanded for the weapon. Without an imprint or mark of any kind to denote its maker or history, it is yet easily seen to be a thoroughly fine weapon, both in its well-tempered blade and ivory handle and in its silver-mounted, leather scabbard. The documents that are claimed to establish the genuineness of this relic are dated 1840, and written by Ira P. Evans and Job Armstrong of Gloucester, R. I. So far as these men appeared to know, the sword was brought to Gloucester by a Frenchman, Francis Le Roy, in 1795. After living in the town about a year, he sold the relic to Col. Asa Kimball, who later sold it to Col. Elijah Armstrong. Both of these officers served in the Revolutionary War. Job Armstrong had often heard Col. Armstrong narrate the history of the sword, but the circumstances connected with Mr. Le Roy's possession of the sword had escaped his memory when he wrote the document now preserved.

While writing of olden times it may be worth while inquiring through *The Critic* if anyone knows now the whereabouts of Jason Brown, the son of old John Brown of Harper's Ferry. Somebody has asked me that question and I am unable to answer it. I can say, however, that Mr. Brown was in Boston perhaps a couple of years ago, and at that time accepted an agency for the sale of a Life of his father. His appearance, as now recollected, was that of a tall old gentleman, bent in figure from his years and with pale blue eyes and white beard. Cowhide boots clothed his feet, and an immense broad-brimmed felt hat gave to his head a characteristic appearance. Somebody who spoke with me at that time said that Mr. Brown declared the people of the North were as much to blame for the long continuance of slavery, which he regarded as a sectional evil, as were the people of the South, because, when the old States of the North found that slavery was not profitable, instead of liberating their black men, they sold them to the people of the South and pocketed the money. It was supposed that if the son of John Brown would take hold of a book dealing with the life of his father it would revive great interest in the work. Therefore a new edition was struck off for his supply; but the old gentleman did not prove successful as a book-agent, and it was not long before he abandoned the task.

Mr. Brown's sister, Mrs. Ruth Brown Thompson, who was recently said to be preparing a volume of sketches for publication, is living in California. Of the score or more grandchildren of the elder Brown, and the half-dozen or more great-grandchildren, all except five or six live on the Pacific Coast. The husband of the daughter was one of those who fought with the old Abolitionist in Kansas; and in June, 1856, at the Black Jack fight, where, with only ten men, Brown captured twenty of his opponents, this Henry Thompson was severely wounded. Thus his name goes down in history as one of those that served in the first drawn battle of the Civil War. There was another son, a Captain, who bore the name of his father and who lived on Put-in-Bay Island, in Lake Erie, a few years ago, and who possibly may be living there to-day, though he would now be seventy-two years of age. He was the oldest of the twenty children of John Brown, and, as described by Mr. Frank B. Sanborn some years ago, was well-educated, a good geologist and a good writer. In '55 and '56 he commanded a company of fighters in Kansas, and was a member of that legislature at Topeka which Col. Sumner, at the head of his United States troops, routed.

At that time, however, Brown himself was held prisoner at Le Compton by the pro-slavery men, who had captured him and in chains had led him, tied to a soldier's horse, across the prairie. In the early part of the war he was at the head of a troop of mounted riflemen, but was obliged to leave the service on account of failing health. I remember that Mr. Sanborn at one time visited him, and on his return told, in some article he wrote, of the Captain's raising the finest grapes, but not permitting anyone on his place to make wine out of them, or allowing anyone to purchase them to make them into wine, being a thoroughly consistent Prohibitionist.

This eternal question, whether the "United States are," or the "United States is," has come up again, and Boston papers are taking a hand in the discussion. In a letter to the *Transcript* the other day, Charles Dudley Warner wrote:—"The United States of America is a nation, and that is its name. If I were speaking of it as a nation, I should say *is*—no matter about the grammar. Speaking otherwise, I might say, 'The United States *are* distinguished by great variety of production.' I should then be thinking of the several States, rather than of the political nation." But, on the other hand, in a letter to the *Journal*, Mr. S. C. B. Tillinghast of Medford has the following patriotic communication:—"Concerning 'the United States *is*' and 'the United States *are*' the late Jefferson Davis held that the latter is the only correct form. It cost the Rebellion to demonstrate that the United States *is*. The whole doctrine of State rights is in 'the United States *are*.' Let us insist that our children be taught that 'the United States *is*.'"

Hon. Francis H. Underwood, recently appointed Consul to Leith (Edinburgh), is soon to sail, and his friends have arranged a testimonial banquet as a farewell honor.

Ticknor & Co., the publishers, have assigned; but it is thought the trouble will be amicably adjusted. Benjamin H. Ticknor has carried on the business since the retirement, in 1889, of his partner George F. Godfrey. The two, in 1885, had taken the business of James R. Osgood & Co. *The American Architect* is published by this house and the defunct "Two Tales" was "backed" by Mr. Ticknor.

BOSTON, 1 August, 1893.

CHARLES E. L. WINGATE.

London Letter

THE LITTLE BAND of those friends who knew Tennyson in his younger days has been further reduced this week by the death of Edmund Law Lushington, who is best known among Tennysonians as the husband of the poet's sister Cecilia, in celebration of whose marriage the late Laureate wrote the epilogue to "In Memoriam." In 1838 he was appointed to the Greek chair at Glasgow University, a position which he filled until 1875. On the death of Prof. Fawcett, he was chosen Lord Rector of the University. The Lushingtons were among Tennyson's earliest friends and critics. In the second edition of "The Princess," it will be remarked, the poem is dedicated to Henry Lushington; and I have recently learnt, on the authority of an eye-witness, that the scene of the prologue, in Sir Walter Vyvyan's garden, is that of Mr. Lushington's estate at Maidstone Park.

It has hitherto been believed that the background to the recital of Ida's adventures was intended to be Swainston, and that Sir Walter Vyvyan was none other than Sir John Simeon himself. But a gentleman from Manchester sent me the other day a very interesting letter, in which he pointed out that he was present in 1844 at a Festival of the Mechanics' Institution at Maidstone, held by Mr. Lushington's hospitality in the Park there, that Tennyson was also among the guests, and that all the details in the picture in "The Princess" agree exactly with my correspondent's recollection of the event. It was a beautiful day, he tells me, and some two thousand people were present. Tennyson used to say that Henry Lushington was the most discriminating critic he had ever encountered, and it is rumored that his familiarity with Tennyson's poetry was so intimate that he could repeat any passage, chosen at random, without hesitation.

Mr. W. T. Stead has this week made a new departure, and added to the labors of *The Review of Reviews* the quarterly production of *Borderland*, a periodical devoted entirely to the investigation of psychical phenomena. Mr. Stead has shown for several Christmases past that his interest in the ghost was increasing; but few people, I think, credited so practical a journalist with, what at first sight seems, so unpromising a project as the devotion of a whole review to this intangible and unsatisfactory subject. The news of the venture has been received in London literary circles with a good deal of amusement; but it still remains to be seen whether the laugh is all on the critics' side. Mr. Stead presumably knows his readers, for he has tested them in those strange Christmas volumes of ghost-lore. And the Psychical Research Society itself numbers, I believe, some three thousand members; there ought, therefore, to be a public for this kind of thing. It is not proposed, I under-

stand, that a separate American edition shall be issued at once; but a consignment of the English edition is being shipped to New York as a test of the market. The price in this country is eightpence—a rather awkward sum, which has already proved fatal to more than one magazine. But Mr. Stead does nothing without reflection. Doubtless we shall see his strange venture touching success before long.

The season is ending as I write, and people are hurrying out of town for the holidays. In literary circles, the talk is no longer of the books of the hour, but of the volumes to be published in the autumn. Of these, several interesting announcements are already made. Mr. George Allen, the well-known publisher of Mr. Ruskin's works, is preparing under the editorship of Mr. Augustus J. C. Hare a work which is said to throw much new light on the events of the Indian Mutiny. "Two Noble Lives: Lady Waterford and Lady Canning" is the title of the book, which will consist of three volumes, and include many of the Queen's letters relating to the Mutiny. Meanwhile the novelists are busy. Mr. Farjeon has gone to Cromer to finish "Aaron the Jew," his autumn novel, while "The Last Tenant," another of his stories, is now in the press and will be ready probably by the time these lines appear in print. In October, too, we are to have Mrs. Parr's "Can This be Love?" which has been running in *The Pall Mall Magazine*, and Miss Marie Corelli's new work with the rather unfortunate title "Nehemiah P. Hoskins."

A week or two ago, I spoke of a new story by a lady-novelist which is to deal with a religious subject, and when I wrote, the matter was still a secret, and I was not at liberty to mention names. The truth has leaked out, however (as everything will nowadays), and I can now tell that the author of "The Soul of the Bishop," which will appear in October, is John Strange Winter. Mrs. Stannard, who was brought up in a clerical family, has bestowed more than common care on the theology of her story, having rewritten it, I believe, several times; it will be interesting to see how this sudden change of front suits her.

I hear a rumor that *The English Illustrated Magazine*, which only recently passed into the possession of Mr. Edward Arnold, is yet again to change hands. Mr. Arnold improved the paper immensely, but whether it is that the improvement has not paid, or that Mr. Arnold's business is overgrowing the possibility of producing a magazine in addition to the ordinary work, I do not know; at least, it is affirmed by confident rumor that, within a month or two, *The English Illustrated* will be issued by the proprietors of *The Illustrated London News*. There seems no end to the energy of that prosperous firm, seeing that they have already two weekly illustrated papers (the *News* and *The Sketch*) to provide for. Possibly the lack of success attending the magazine which they propose to acquire is due to the fact that it ranges a little above the heads of the public that buys sixpenny periodicals. The shilling-magazine public is one class, the sixpenny another, and for the latter the more journalistic methods of *The Strand Magazine* are best calculated to succeed. *The English Illustrated* has fallen between two stools; perhaps the new proprietors will reconstruct it.

An article in the current number of *The New Review* is occasioning a good deal of discussion. It treats of M. Bertillon's scheme for the identification of criminals by body-marks and measurements—a scheme which hitherto has not received much attention in England, though it is, I believe, very completely adopted at the State Prisons at Toronto and Auburn. In England, however, it is contrary to the law to make any personal examination of a suspect until after he has been committed for trial, and therefore in the present state of things, it is impossible that the method should be employed. Still, there is a chance that the interest aroused by the article in *The New Review* may bear fruit in some readjustment of the law upon this point. The only English translation of M. Bertillon's book which is known to exist, bears the imprint of the American Bertillon Prison Bureau, and is a translation (or perhaps an adaptation) by Mr. Gallus Muller, of the Illinois State Penitentiary. Possibly a version of our own may now be published upon this side of the water.

LONDON, 21 July, 1893.

ARTHUR WAUGH.

Chicago Letter

THE MOTIVES which governed the hanging of American pictures at the Fair are unfathomable; the harmony of the whole arrangement was certainly not considered, and the fame of the artist had quite as little influence, apparently, in placing his pictures, as the merit of the works themselves. Extraordinary as it may seem, no jury of artists was called in to superintend the hanging, and the task was left entirely in the hands of Mr. Kurtz and his chief. If the good pictures of the collection had been massed together they would have made an imposing array; but, as it is, one finds the most extraordinary combinations and the most infelicitous group-

ings. Great pictures are often tucked away into obscure corners or surrounded by inferior and discordant works; and even in the main gallery much is included that is unworthy of so conspicuous a position. One finds a cut-and-dried boat-load of J. G. Brown's puppets actually forced into juxtaposition with a fine sea thing by Winslow Homer; and I might mention any number of instances almost as flagrant. A superb study of a nude Egyptian girl, by Sargent, is hung on the second floor, where comparatively few visitors discover it, and almost all of Winslow Homer's paintings—an admirable collection, including the best work he has done—meet the same fate. So it is not surprising that, strong as the American landscape painters are, their work seems to be obscured in this collection, and it is only after diligent search that one appreciates their originality, their variety and dignity. Yet they are well represented here; and one can see how far the painter's point of view has shifted since the days of the old Hudson River school. In the pictures of today, there is a freshness in the atmosphere, a vitality in the landscape, of which the older painters knew nothing. Color has become a science, and the study of light is the essential now, where formerly it was the study of lines. But in spite of the influence of France in producing this change, the work of the present time is no less distinctively American than when the Catskills and the Hudson were the universal subjects. A stranger to the soil could learn many of the characteristics of our scenery and atmosphere from the works of Inness and Wyant, of Tryon and Davis. Many of our artists still paint French landscapes; and rightly enough, if they have something new to tell us of them; but the tendency is more and more in the direction of native work. There is much that is beautiful in our country which has never been expressed, and the younger men are discovering and interpreting it. Homer is American to the core; Inness knows the secrets of our storms and sunsets; Wyant caught some moods of darkening forests, and Bliss Baker understood their peculiar autumnal melancholy. Chase and Twachtman are in their different ways studying the light, Tryon and Donoho the shadow of our life; and each after his own manner is helping to complete the picture, to express some aspect of his country to the world. These men are adequately represented in the present collection; and the exhibits sent by Inness, Tryon, Homer and Davis are especially large and fine. Inness is, of course, far to the front in landscape, and his early work is shown as well as his later, giving one an opportunity to see his gradual progression from effects of line and distance, to effects of atmosphere and color, and to wonder at the variety of his results and the haunting mysterious poetry which he infuses into them. The men who paint in foreign fields are shown here too.—Harrison's beautiful marines, Hitchcock's "Tulip-Garden" and his lovely, calm "Scarecrow" in a field of brilliant poppies, and two by Whistler, a deep blue nocturne, and a bright little marine in blue and silver, with a finely handled sky.

At the Congress of Painting and Sculpture, as it is called, there will evidently be a lamentable dearth of artists. The program contains but few additions to the list I gave last week. Mrs. Mary Hallock Foote will talk about "Black and White," Mrs. Dora Wheeler Keith upon "Modern Tapestries," and Michel de Szeniawa Zmigrodski upon "Polish Art." This completes the program as announced; and it is hard to discover any practical benefit to be derived from this congress. Nearly all of the lecturers have been heard repeatedly in Chicago and can bring to the consideration of these questions little that is novel to us. A congress in which sculpture is represented by Mr. Lorado Taft, and painting by Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith alone is certainly daringly original; but one can hardly take it seriously. It is to be feared that one can learn more about art in half-an-hour in the galleries at Jackson Park, than in all the sessions of the Congress of Painting and Sculpture. Mr. Larned, the chairman, has doubtless done his best, but no one can persuade artists to lecture about their art. It is too great a mystery; they cannot analyze the processes by which a work of art is produced. It is something indefinable, intangible which makes it art, which differentiates it from the commonplace.

The Congress of Architects has been more fortunate than the other, and the first session especially will be interesting. Mr. D. H. Burnham, Director of Works at the Fair, will open the Congress, and read a paper on the organization of the Exposition. This will be followed by a paper by Mr. Frederick Law Olmsted on the general plan of the Fair; and the session will close with an essay by Mr. E. C. Shankland, chief engineer of construction, on his department. Many distinguished foreign architects will be present at the Congress, among them Josiah Couder, F.R.I., B.A., of Tokio, Japan; J. Gaudet, first Vice-President of the Central Society of Architects of France; Bannister F. Fletcher, Honorable Secretary of the Architectural Association of Great Britain; F. Adolphe Bocage of Paris, and William Emerson of London.

CHICAGO, 1 August, 1893.

LUCY MONROE.

The Author of "The Heavenly Twins"

[From the *Chicago Tribune*]

"THE most talked-about novel to-day is 'The Heavenly Twins,' by Sarah Grand, which is just published by the Cassell Publishing Company. The book appeared first in London, where it made an instant success, to the intense mortification of the long list of publishers who had declined it. The reason for its non-acceptance, it is stated, was not any want of merit on the part of the story, but owing to its great length. It is no longer than the novels of Dickens, Thackeray, or George Eliot, but this is the age of the novelette. So Sarah Grand, having a firm belief in the success of the book and a deep-rooted determination to exploit the ideas contained therein, published it at her own expense. It was printed in the usual English style, three volumes, and cost \$7.50 at retail, but edition after edition was called for and Sarah Grand was the woman of the hour.

"Arrangements were made by the Cassell Publishing Company to publish the book some time ago, but, owing to the recent difficulties of that concern, it has lain at the binder's waiting the order of the receiver to publish. The order has now been given and the book will be on the market when this notice appears, all in one volume in the regulation American way.

"Sarah Grand, it appears, is not the real name of the author, but one that is said to have appeared to her in a dream upon the title page of the book, and being impressed by the apparition she at once adopted it, so by that name we must call her. Sarah Grand, while she hides her identity, allows her portrait to be published, so that it will be easy enough for any one who knows her to put his finger upon her real name.

"It is said that she is of English parentage and was born in Ireland, where her early childhood was passed. During her girlhood she lived among her mother's people in the north of England, where she was educated in an unconventional manner, and was better-known, probably, for her mischievous pranks than for any literary leanings. She tells how she used to pray to be allowed to 'write well' as a child, meaning to write a good hand, calligraphy being a great difficulty to her. Her father died early, but the influence of her mother, who was a highly educated woman, excited in Sarah Grand a love of literature. She herself says half jestingly that she was brought up chiefly on *Punch* and the *Saturday Review*.

Married straight from the schoolroom, she went abroad and lived for some time in the East, China and Japan, and she travelled in Japan before that country became the happy hunting-ground of tourists, devoting herself to intellectual pursuits and the development of her natural capacity to record impressions. We may some day hear her views on the life and people of those countries. Although she began to write when a mere child, her first published book was 'Ideala.' Sarah Grand is a member of the Pioneer Club, and has watched with great interest the growth of the modern movement by which women have learned to assert their right to share in intellectual pursuits. She is a firm believer in the great future for women, both in literature and art. Her first long story, 'Singularly Deluded,' appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine* and has been republished in volume form this year. Her second book, 'Ideala,' may be taken as a prelude to the 'Heavenly Twins.'

The Fine Arts

The Delancey Street Exhibition

THE SECOND free loan-exhibition held on the East Side, under the auspices of the University Settlement Society, which was opened on June 17, came to an end on Saturday evening last. It had proved even more successful than the very encouraging first exhibition, held in Allen Street last summer, when some 35,000 visitors attended the show during the six weeks that it was open. This year, at the Society's own house in Delancey Street, the attendance was considerably larger, the total number of visitors being 56,659. Last year the favorite paintings of the residents of the East Side proved to be Kowalski's "Polish Wedding" and J. G. Brown's "Lost Child." This year the balloting resulted in the choice of "French Soldiers Getting Supper," by Paul Grolleron, for which 11,510 votes were cast, "A French Wedding-Feast," by Arturo Ricci, (4914 votes) and "Signing the Marriage Contract," by José Gallégo (3800 votes).

The average daily attendance was so much larger than the average attendance at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, as to confirm the impression of the managers of the exhibition that if the poor people of the city are to see good art, it must be taken to their doors; neither time nor money can be spared by dwellers in the Tenth Ward to make the journey to 82d Street and Fifth Avenue and back. It is to be wished that a free art exhibition might be held on the East Side every winter, when the conditions would be so much more favorable than they are at this season of the year.

Art Notes

"Gems of Colorado Scenery" is an oblong album of photographic views of Colorado towns, mountains, railroads and cañons, printed in inks of various colors. Some have their margins effectively ornamented with little sketches of loggers, teamsters, wild Indians and wildcats. Miss Emma Richardson Cherry of Denver has made two pretty drawings of Colorado wild flowers for the cover and title-page; the former the blue and white columbine, which has been adopted as Colorado's State flower; the latter, the large purple anemone, which is hardly less characteristic. The work is well printed on heavy paper, and is throughout one of the best specimens that we have seen of Western book-making. (\$3.50. Denver: Frank S. Thayer.)

The most timely article in the August *Magazine of Art* is one on "Street Balconies in North Italy," by H. E. Tidmarsh. Among the illustrations are sketches of iron and stone balconies in Verona, Mantua, Venice, Cremona and Brescia. The frontispiece is a highly finished etching, by David Law, of the village of Dittishan, on the picturesque river Dart. The editor's notice of the Royal Academy Exhibition is concluded with illustrations after paintings by Mr. Gerald E. Moira, Mr. Herbert Schmalz and Mr. Stanhope Forbes. There is a short note on Sir John Gilbert's splendid gift to the city of London of sixteen of his best paintings. Several of them are reproduced in half tone, including the well-known "Ego et Rex Meus" (Henry VIII. and Wolsey); "Don Quixote's Niece and Housekeeper"; "The Charcoal Burners" (landscape), and "The Battle of the Standard." *The Chronicle of Art and American Art Notes*, as usual, contain all the latest artistic news English and American.

The Drama

Amélie Rives's "Athelwold"

IN "ATHELWOLD," a tragic play in five acts, written in blank-verse, Amélie Rives retells the story of that old English earl, who, having been sent to woo a wife for King Edgar, played his master false, married the lady himself and, not long thereafter, paid with his life the penalty of his treachery. This is one of the most familiar tales of the old Saxon kings, and she has followed the historical account with sufficient closeness, departing widely from the commonly reported facts only in making her hero the victim of a deliberate plot and in changing the nature of the final catastrophe. In the new version, Edgar is prompted to send Athelwold upon his delicate mission by the suggestion of Bishop Oswald, who, in collusion with the King's mistress Elfreda, lays this trap for a dangerous rival. Athelwold, after some objection, permits himself to be overruled and starts on his journey to Devonshire, where the lovely Elfreda lives in the castle of her father, the mighty Earl Olgar. Losing his way in a wood, he sends his page on before to make inquiries, while he reposes on a grassy bank. Here he is discovered by Elfreda herself, who is fascinated by his manly beauty and awakens him by a stolen kiss. Athelwold, of course, instantly falls a slave to her charms, and when the pair meet a little later in Olgar's castle they are already lovers. Then follows a struggle between passion and honor, in which the latter is speedily worsted; and Athelwold, heedless of faith and duty, offers his own hand in betrothal, and returns to the King, from whom he gains permission to wed by declaring that the lady has no attraction save that of wealth. No sooner is he married, than Edgar, whose suspicions have been excited by Oswald, resolves to visit him and judge for himself whether the bride be fair or not. In this dilemma Athelwold is forced to confess to his wife the deceit that he has practised for her sake, and to implore her to support it by disguising her fatal beauty. Instead of doing this, she reveals herself to Edgar in her most dazzling array; and the consequence is a duel between the two men, in which Athelwold is slain; and Elfreda, too late, laments the result of her vanity.

The author's treatment of this subject is marked by much literary facility, considerable imagination and picturesqueness, a strong sense of dramatic situation, some vigorous character-drawing and no small knowledge of human nature. She also knows how to employ humor as a foil to the deeper emotions, and some of her lighter passages are full of the play of a very pleasant fancy. The story, moreover, is clearly and logically set forth, and with a steady growth of interest until the climax is reached; although the arbitrary arrangement of the different scenes unfits the play for stage representation. Considered as a whole, it is an exceedingly clever and promising bit of work. It is marred by the taint of grossness and animalism that has made itself apparent in other works of the same writer; but there can be no doubt of the freshness, boldness or truthfulness of much of the characterization, or of the aptness, vividness and grace of much of the dialogue. Some of the soliloquies are especially effective, and would be so in the theatre, as well as on

the printed page. Several of the individual scenes, too, are admirably written. The whole episode of the discovery of Athelwold asleep by Elfreda and her description of it to her nurse is very cleverly handled, and the scene in which Athelwold, after his marriage, confesses his treachery to his wife is very forcible. Nearly all the scenes between Edgar and Athelwold are good, especially the final and fatal quarrel between them. The most life-like characters are those of Edgar and Athelwold, both striking types of physical manhood, and Elfreda, a most winning study of brilliant, shallow, passionate and selfish womanhood.

Considered merely as literature, "Athelwold" is entitled to respectful consideration, and maintains a high level of excellence, in spite of occasional slipshod and flippant lines. The blank-verse is not all poetry, being at times little more than prose cut into lengths; but it is always smooth and fluent, and in many places is of uncommonly high order. The play is printed in a most attractive form, in clear type on heavy paper with wide margins.

A Ballad of Authors and Books

[G. B. in *The Spectator*.]

IN the coves of the Island of Treasure,
On the tropical Beach of Falese,
I have taken unlimited pleasure,
Wafted there by a favoring breeze.
I have lingered with Lang and his Bookmen,
I have Gossiped the day long with Gosse,
But have wearied of Stead and his spook-men,
And have steadfastly wished for their loss.

I have studied Vanbrugh and Pinero,
Ford and Webster, Kit Marlowe and Jones;
Whilst to me Oscar Wilde was a hero,
With his wittily cynical tones:
But so long as "A Doll's House" the craze is
I am sure that the public might see,
If they wish for a play that amazes,
They can get one much better from me.

I have shared in each joy and each sorrow
Of the garrulous "Warriors Three,"
I have travelled in Spain with George Borrow,
I have tasted the Autocrat's tea,
I have listened to Barrie's sweet "Thrumming,"
And enjoyed "Lady Windermere's Fan,"
But I think of the writer who's coming,
And I wonder if I am the man.

Current Criticism

"IS ENGLISH LITERATURE DECLINING?"—Refraining from any personal judgments of our own which might prove equally rash, we may yet observe further, and with more specific reference to novel-writing, that the final contribution of the present age to English literature may be endangered by what Mr. Gosse has truly called the tyranny of the novel. It absorbs an appalling and increasing proportion of the writing talent of the times. In this there is a peril, quite irrespective of any opinion of the quality of the work produced, because the novel, as a literary form, is only a modern experiment, and may turn out an unsuccessful experiment. Poetry is as old as recorded thought, and we cannot conceive of a time when it will not be a chosen vehicle of expression for mankind. The drama has a venerable past, even if it has now fallen on a period of decadence, and the great forms of philosophical writing have a history and a future all secure. But the novel is a child of yesterday. Neglecting the various kindred forms of literature to which its origin has been traced, the novel of manners as we know it is less than two hundred years old. It may still be called an interloper in the literary world, and it is at least supposable that five hundred years from now it may seem as antiquated and disused a literary form as the mystery plays now seem to us. There are few signs of the novel passing out of vogue, it must be confessed, and Sir Herbert Maxwell, in discussing "The Craving for Fiction" in the June *Nineteenth Century*, seems to think it will endure as long as the desire of being amused. Some have held that the severe exactness of science would be the death of romance. Against this is to be put the example of Darwin, who delighted in romance and invited a blessing upon all story-tellers, though he thought a law ought to be passed against novels that have an unpleasant ending. To him the novel was recreation and amusement, pure and simple, and he would have been the last man to be caught for instruction in religion or sociology by some strenuous writer with a reformatory mission who chose to put on the sheep's clothing of a novelist. It is possible, however, that this very desire to be amused may yet lead to the passing of the novel, either through the novel's ceasing to amuse, which it often comes peril-

ously near doing, or through the desire for amusement finding some readier and fuller source of gratification.—*The Evening Post.*

MR. STEVENSON'S "MEN AND BOOKS."—Mr. Stevenson's critical essays are not dry-as-dust studies, pedantically detailed, or childishly complete; they are the record of his personal impressions and preferences, based on just sufficient knowledge for the formation of a well-grounded opinion, and the apparently arbitrary choice of subject is determined by its interest for himself; for nearly every writer with whom he deals in "Men and Books" has left a visible mark upon his mind. This is very noticeable in the case of Thoreau, and is somewhat surprising, as at first sight there would appear to be but little sympathy between such a herald of the gospel of joy as Robert Louis Stevenson and the ungenial philosopher of the economy of Life. Something, however, in Thoreau's "sun-nily ascetic" temper finds an echo in the younger writer's determined cheerfulness, and without leaning too heavily on the comparison, Thoreau's argumental, frankly egotistical manner, and the freshness and freedom of his handling are qualities of his disciple; though Mr. Stevenson has sat at the feet of so many other teachers, and has so much wider sympathies, that the keen, rigid mental quality of Thoreau remains in his work only as a piquant flavor—a tonic strain of thought. This paper on Thoreau with that on Walt Whitman are the closest in thought of this fascinating volume, but they are not so colored and brilliant as the studies, for example, of Villon or Robert Burns.—*Janetta Newton-Robinson, in The Westminster Review.*

COSMOPOLITAN MASTERS OF ENGLISH PROSE.—*The Critic* "does not think it too much to say that the three masters of English prose in fiction to-day are Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson, Mr. Henry James, and Mr. Crawford." It is rather odd and rather interesting that *The Critic's* choice should have fallen on three men to neither of whom exclusive claims can be maintained either by England or America. Mr. Stevenson is a Scotchman who emigrated to the United States, and lived here as long as he dared, and then went to Samoa; Mr. James is an American tempered by a preference for foreign parts and persistent residence in London; Mr. Crawford is an American who was born in Italy, and has never been more than a visitor, albeit an honored one, to this country. Three more cosmopolitan authors it would be hard to find. Yet if *The Critic* doubled its list it would have to consider the claims of at least two more cosmopolitans, Mr. Kipling and Mr. Bret Harte; while if its "masters of English prose in fiction" are intended to include the mistresses also, it must have bestowed serious consideration on the achievements of Mrs. Burnett. All of which suggests, though it doesn't prove, that the coming writer of English prose fiction who permits himself to be exclusively British or exclusively American must reckon with a disposition among the critics to regard him as provincial. Nevertheless, even such a blighting thought as that should not operate to hinder the great American novelist from rising up and getting in his work.—*E. S. Martin, in Harper's Weekly.*

THE OUTER AND THE INNER LIFE.—One of the pathetic aspects of life is that so large a number never come to realize its inner meaning, or their hidden selves. They would stare in perplexity at Browning's entreaty to be "unashamed of soul." They move about in a world not realized—spiritual somnambulists. That self-consciousness by which all operations of brain and heart are vitalized into a new and finer meaning is shut away from them through their want of sensibility. This is true even of men with brawny intellects that produce results of great practical value, and also of people with a kind of animal heart which is full of amiable utility. There is a broad difference between what the personal life means even to these, and the enjoyment, the intelligence, the intensity, of it all for such as contemplate what they see, and dream out of routine experiences, within and without them, mystery and beauty. De Musset's career as an individual was not a satisfactory one; yet it is impossible to think of it as wholly unenviable when we hear his exclamation, "C'est moi qui ai vécu" (I have lived, I myself). Now, the incomparable excellence of literature, especially in poetry, is that it penetrates beneath the crust of life. Commonplaces are translated, and we find ourselves interested by what we have scarcely noticed. Ideas and sensations are presented through another medium than the matter-of-fact. The appeal is made, less to mental than to sympathetic responsiveness. Beauty of various kinds is forced upon the attention, until sensibility becomes more sensitive, and its capacity expands. Not that literature creates any habitual exaltation, or that curiously wrought moods hover over our books. There is nothing especially tangible about this developed way of looking at things, nor is it in the least true that such a result is dependent upon reading. Yet there are multitudes whose finer sense has been quickened, who have taken a more serious view of impor-

tant subjects which mean little when regarded only trivially, through the aid of the great writers; to say nothing of their having come to see their everyday world in pensive twilight sentiment, as well as in its meridian literalness. There is an immense difference between the hard, pragmatic and the sympathetic contact with ideas. But how large a part of literature gives us more than ideas, sensations. Through it we learn to feel, to feel through the whole scale of emotion, from soul to verbal form. Whatever stimulates a refined joy, that stirs the imagination, and keeps it abreast with clear sound sense, that vibrates to the voice of human personality, instead of being formal, mechanical, and barren of fruit for fresh warm life, is a part of literature's contribution to human progress. Even the mere contact with beauty? Certainly the æsthetic thrill is better than most things the world gives us.—*Prof. E. T. M. Laughlin, in The Educational Review.*

"DOWN EAST."—A Vermonter from the shores of Lake Champlain denied that Ethan Allen was a "Down Easter," but substantially agreed with his friend from the Adirondacks that, while to people in Boston the term might mean only Maine, everywhere outside of New England it stood for all the six Eastern States; and the same opinion was held by a native of the Granite State. Another man who happened to be available as a witness was listened to with much interest, and his testimony was weighty for the reason that he had been born and raised in the far East—of the United States. "When I lived near Portland," he said, "'Down East,' as used in my neighborhood, referred to the Kennebec region. Around the Kennebec, we were told, the words denoted the Penobscot country; and the Penobscotters thought the Maritime Provinces were 'Down East.' After all, from the point of view of the rest of the country, all New Englanders are 'Down Easters.'" * * * "As a matter of fact," said another Maine man, "chasing 'Down East' is like running after your own shadow. When I was at school in New Hampshire, all Maine, or the Eastern part of it, was 'Down East.' Afterward, when I got to Harvard, New Hampshire was 'Down East.' Coming here to New York I always spoke of all New England as 'Down East.' You can never get 'Down East.' In Portland, Me., the people call Rockland 'Down East.' But if you go to Rockland there's no 'Down East' there. Bar Harways spoke of all New England as 'Down East.' But when you hasten there to get a look at 'Down East' you find that you must go on to Eastport. Now, as everybody knows, Eastport is at the end of New England. It's the jumping off place. If there is any 'Down East' in this country it certainly ought to be there, where you can stand with one foot in Maine and one in Canada, so to speak. But in Eastport they say that 'Down East' is just across the way in New Brunswick. In St. John, N. B., however, they speak of the still more remote provinces as 'Down East.' The amount of the thing is that you can get away from 'Down East' by going South or West, but that you can never get 'Down East' by going North or East."—*The New York Tribune.*

A PLEA FOR FICTION IN THE PUBLIC LIBRARY.—Novels are not by any means solely entertainment. Fiction is educational, and some of it is the most effective teaching the world has ever seen. What is there in the Old Testament to compare in moral effect with the beautiful legends in which it abounds? Which have most furthered Christianity, St. Paul's philosophical treatises or the simple tales, the parables, told by the Master himself? Who had the most to do with the new birth, the renaissance, of learning in the Middle Ages? May not Boccaccio with his vivacious stories well contest that honor? From whom have the English reading people learned the most of the days of chivalry, from Hume or from Sir Walter Scott? Show me the historian of Queen Anne's time who has painted the epoch as well as Thackeray did it in "Henry Esmond." Ask the world whence it has learned most French history, and it will answer, "From Dumas." But fiction has done more than clothe the dry bones of history with flesh and blood. Its noblest work has not been in making facts more attractive, but in making facts more forceful. To "Nicholas Nickleby," more than any other influence, can you trace recent reforms in private school conduct. To "Bleak House" and other of Dickens's works may be ascribed the strongest impulse of late years for more intelligent treatment of the poor. Whatever progress towards civilization the world is slowly forcing on Russia is due as much to what it has learned of Russian life from Tolstoy and Tourgueneff, as to any other single cause. And on our own side of the water we have the greatest of all illustrations of the potency of fiction for national good in the soul-stirring story of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." All the statesmen of the century must rank behind Harriet Beecher Stowe when we ask who did most to blot out the curse of slavery.—*Robert Luce, at Somerville, Mass.*

INCENDIARY AUTHORS.—Assuredly we ought some day to have strikes among authors, even though they may not take the exact form which we have imagined. The Authors' Society will have its Union, and if there be a Union, then there must be strikes; for one is entirely inoperative without the other. Perhaps we ought not to say the Authors' Society, for it may be that the member who has lifted up his voice in favor of unions and strikes does not represent the ruling spirit of that influential assembly, although he may represent the feelings of the great body of its members. Before, however, the Union can be made to work at all, the "philanthropic syndicate" will have to be found, and that may be a matter of time. Capitalists sufficiently interested in literature, and philanthropic enough to invest money upon such a slender chance of return, are probably rare in this grovelling world of ours; and until the members of the Authors' Union succeed in supplying the necessary capital themselves, we should rather doubt the possibility of forming any syndicate at all. In any case the publisher is likely to have some respite still before he is confronted with unionism and terrorized into good behavior by strikes.—*The Spectator*.

Notes

MRS. DELAND'S new novel, "Philip and His Wife," deals with the subject of divorce on the ground of incompatibility. Those who have read the manuscript, upon which Mrs. Deland is still working, say that it is the strongest story she has written, and that it is likely to exceed "John Ward, Preacher" in popularity. It will appear first as a serial in *The Atlantic Monthly*, beginning probably with the October number, and will afterward be published in book form by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

—It is said that the *National Review* has passed from Mr. Alfred Austin's control to that of Mr. Leo Maxse.

—A number of the poems of Lady Gifford will soon be made public by her son, the Marquess of Duferin and Ava.

—A French translation of Dr. Arthur MacDonald's "The Criminal Type" will be issued soon in Lyons.

—Lady Burton has transferred the copyright of her husband's translation of the "Arabian Nights," to the publishers, Messrs. Tylston & Edwards.

—A new novel, entitled "Mother and Child," by Mr. George Moore, will be published in the autumn by Mr. Walter Scott.

—M. Zola will attend the conference of Journalists in London, between September 21 and 27. M. Zola, though of course pre-eminently a novelist, represents the Société des Gens de Lettres, an organization including seven hundred journalists of France.

—An Edinburgh gentleman has just gotten possession of the original MS. of Allan Ramsay's famous pastoral, "The Gentle Shepherd." The Countess of Eglinton, Ramsay's patroness, gave this MS. to Boswell the last time he visited her.

—A correspondent to *The Athenæum* writes:—"It is not quite accurate to say that 'Boule-de-Suif' was Maupassant's first signed work. 'La Lavandière d'Amour,' perhaps the finest piece in 'Des Vers,' came out in the *République des Lettres* in the early summer of 1875."

—Among the opinions of several scientists expressed on Mr. Stead's new quarterly, *Borderland* (see London Letter), that of Prof. James Geikie is that "the publication * * * may tend to increase the population of our lunatic asylums."

—Mr. William Morris's Kelmscott Press is printing a new edition of Dante Gabriel Rossetti's poems. It is in two volumes and will be put on sale by Ellis & Elvey.

—Mrs. F. A. Steel's "From the Five Rivers," describing life in India, will appear in Appletons' Town and Country Library; and "A Truthful Woman in Southern California," by Miss Kate Sanborn, will be published soon in Appletons' Summer Series.

—The third volume in Harper's Distaff Series will be "Early Prose and Verse," edited by Mrs. Alice Morse Earle and Mrs. Emily Ellsworth Ford. The same firm will publish, about Aug. 1, "The Complaining Millions of Men," by Edward Fuller. The September *Harper's* will contain an account of Mr. Richard Harding Davis's experience during a political campaign in England as the companion of a Conservative Candidate for Parliament; and in the October number will begin Mr. E. L. Weeks's description of the journey by caravan from the Black Sea to the Persian Gulf, on which Mr. Theodore Child lost his life.

—Prof. Martin N. Sampson, of Stanford University, has accepted the professorship of English at Indiana University.

—Not only are we to have a grand opera season next winter, but we are to have an unusually interesting theatrical season. The former will begin on November 17, and we will hear, in addition to the old repertory, Gounod's "Phlémon et Baucis," Verdi's "Falstaff,"

Saint-Saëns's "Samson et Dalila," and Leoncavallo's "Pagliacci." Among the seven new singers are Mmes. Melba and Colombati. Mme. Schaldi and the de Reskes are among the old favorites. In the way of theatrical attractions there will be Irving and Terry, Coquelin and Hading and Duse.

—"Holidays in England," by Percy Lindley, an illustrated handbook for American travellers to the new "Cathedral Route" from Liverpool to London, is in the press. It includes the Cathedral cities of east Anglia—Lincoln, Ely, Peterboro' and Norwich; Cambridge University; Boston and the homes of the Pilgrim Fathers; Tennyson's Lincolnshire Country; and the Dickens country of "Pickwick" and "David Copperfield." The book will be published simultaneously in New York and London.

—A forthcoming number of *The Westminster Review* will contain a biographical study of Emma Willard, who did so much for the higher education of women. The article is from the pen of Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, who is an early graduate of Mrs. Willard's famous Troy Seminary. Mrs. Russell Sage, wife of the well-known financier, is the President of the Emma Willard Society, and presided at one of the sessions of the Educational Congress held recently in Chicago.

—George Sand once gave the following advice to a young man about to enter upon a career as author:—"I see you are bent on becoming a literary man. In order to succeed, you must learn everything. This art is not a gift by which you succeed without a mass of acquired knowledge. You may say that my own example contradicts this statement. It is true, I know nothing, but that is because I have lost my memory. But I have studied much, and when I was seventeen I spent my nights over my books."

—*The Atlantic Monthly* for August contains an article by Prof. Nathaniel S. Shaler of Harvard University, entitled "Relations of Academic and Technical Instruction"; a sketch by the Hon. Henry L. Dawes, "Washington the Winter before the War"; a continuation of Charles Egbert Craddock's story, "His Vanished Star"; the Rev. George E. Ellis's "Jonathan Belcher, a Royal Governor of Massachusetts"; Olive Thorne Miller's "Little Boy Blue"; Alice Morse Earle's "A Boston School Girl in 1771"; Eugenia Skelding's touching sketch of Miss Clough, "The First Principal of Newnham College"; and two excellent stories by Ellen Olney Kirk and Edith M. Thomas, entitled respectively "A Strategic Movement" and "The Ogre of Alewife Cove."

—Portugal has just added her name to the list of European countries whose authors are entitled to copyright in the United States.

—The 300th anniversary of the birth of Isaac Walton comes on Aug. 9, and it will probably be commemorated by a memorial. As Stafford, his birthplace has a marble bust of Walton, and Winchester, where he is buried, has a statue, while London, his adopted home, has no public memorial of him, it is proposed to affix a tablet in the wall of St. Dunstan's Church, Fleet Street, the Vicar of which, Dr. Donne, was his intimate friend and biographer.

—Last week Friday at Chautauqua, Prof. W. D. McClintock lectured on Sidney Lanier. He spoke of a Southern school of poets, to which Poe, Hamilton Hayne and Lanier belong, and which, he said, differs from the Northern in having less of the Puritan element, and in being more artistic, spontaneous and ideal. Sensuous in the Miltonic sense, it sings for the sake of singing; deep, not wide, it sees more of the beauty lurking in the thing that elicits its song. The Northern poetry is plainer, simpler and more for the people; while the Southern appeals to the finer senses, and draws its inspiration from the imagination and love of the mystic. All American poets have been pure and wholesome; but Lanier was intensely moral and of a deeply religious temperament. He dealt with the emotions of love and suffering with more delicacy than any other American poet. In his fine, but strong appreciation of love, he was like Browning; and was like Shelley and Keats, in turning from love, as seen in our ordinary life, to the ideal, and treating it as an emotion. He cried loudly against the "trade" instinct in favor of "heart," of life and love. He had a marvellous understanding of God and of the love of God. He had the power of Keats in producing the finest emotions, of making men love him intensely, and of arousing the artistic impulse in others.

—In London a small syndicate is looking—with a half-million sterling to offer—for a paying daily newspaper, the capitalists being in despair of finding a better investment.

—The following appears, under the date of May 10, 1877, in the "Impressions" of Mr. George Riddle, the reader, which are publishing in the *Boston Journal*:—"I had a very good time last evening at Waverley Hall, Charlestown, where Miss Susan Hale, Rev. Edward Everett Hale, Dr. William Everett and Col. Henry Lee appeared in a sort of medley called 'Mme. Norton's Reception,' in aid of the Old South Preservation Fund. I read a 'Ballad

of the French Fleet.' The dialogue between Dr. Hale, Dr. Everett and Miss Hale, which was impromptu, scintillated with wit. They raked up old incidents of their families and gave one another great digs."

—The marvellous child mentioned in the Chinese classics, who, at four years old, was able to recite the 360 verses of the T'ang poetry as well as the Ancient Book of Odes, has been eclipsed by an infant prodigy of the same age, who has presented himself at the recent Licentiate examinations in Hong Kong as a candidate for literary honors. The P'anyu Chehsien personally examined this tiny candidate, says the London *Daily News*, and found that he could write, in an infantile scrawl, a concise essay on the subject that had been given him.

—According to a writer in the Chicago *Tribune*, Dr. Edward Eggleston is engaged upon his last novel; for after it is finished he will devote himself entirely to historical work. The novel will deal with New York life. He is writing it slowly, at the rate of 500 words a day, which is very different from the way he wrote "The Hoosier Schoolmaster." That popular story was written at "white heat" for the *Hearth and Home* while the printer's boy waited for the "copy." "Eggleston," says this writer, "is far above the average man every way—in height and in appearance. His figure is tall and broad and commanding, and his heart is warm and true. There is a merry twinkle of good-fellowship about his dark eyes. He is a charming conversationalist, unlike some other great authors who save all their good things for book pages."

The Free Parliament

[All communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the correspondent, not necessarily for publication. Correspondents answering or referring to any question are requested to give the number of the question, for convenience of reference.]

QUESTIONS

1714.—Was it Landor, George Eliot, Matthew Arnold, A. H. Clough, or some one else, who said,

"Wherefore in dreams of art
And loftiest culture I would stand apart,
Neither for God nor for his enemies?"

FORT SPOKANE, WASH.

L. F. M.

1715.—Can you inform me who was the author of the poem beginning,

I am dying, Egypt, dying.
Ebb'd the crimson life blood fast,—

and where a complete copy of it may be found?

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

H. M. R.

1716.—Says Sir Grant Duff in an article on Gracian (*Fortnightly*, March, 1877):—"It would possibly be rather difficult to disprove the thesis that the Spanish nation has produced the best maxims of practical wisdom, the best proverb, the best epitaph, and the best motto in the world." To what proverb, epitaph and motto does he refer?

J. H. W.

ANSWERS

1710.—T. S. P. will find the poem beginning

"There is no death! The stars go down," etc.,

among the works of Sir Edward Bulwer-Lytton.

BOSTON, MASS.

H. P. A.

Publications Received

[RECEIPT of new publications is acknowledged in this column. Further notice of any work will depend upon its interest and importance. When no address is given the publication is issued in New York.]

- A Week at the Fair. \$1.
Art and Handicraft in the Woman's Building of the World's Columbian Exposition. Ed. by M. H. Elliott. \$2.50.
Black, W. The Wise Women of Inverness. Boston Illustrated. Ed. by E. M. Bacon. 50c.
Bowen, E. W. An Historical Study of the 6-Vowel in Accented Syllables. Balt.: J. Murphy & Co. Macmillan & Co.
Bronth, C. Villette. 2 Vols. \$2.
Curtis, G. W. Other Essays from the Easy Chair. \$2.
Edwards, C. E. Camp-Fires of a Naturalist. \$1.50.
Fielding, H. Adventures of Joseph Andrews. 2 Vols. Ed. by G. Saintsbury. \$2. Macmillan & Co.
Fuller, E. The Complaining Millions of Men. Henry, C. S. About Men and Things. 50c.
Holt, B. Four Centuries After. \$1.50.
Hope, A. The Vyvyan. Rand, McNally & Co.
Jacollot, J. L. The Froter Case. Tr. by H. O. Cooke. Robt. Bonner's Sons.
Madison, J. Journal of the Federal Convention. Ed. by E. H. Scott. \$2. Chicago: Albert, Scott & Co.
Majors, A. Seventy Years on the Frontier. Ed. by P. Ingraham. 50c.
Moffatt's Freehand Test Papers for the Elementary Stage. 20 Papers, 12. London: McMillan & Co.
Poole, S. L. Aurangzeb. Ed. by W. W. Hunter. 60c.
Sanborn, K. A Truthful Woman in Southern California. 75c. Macmillan & Co.
Scott, W. The Monastery. (Dryburgh Ed.) \$1.25.
Sesselsberg, M. F. In Amazon Land. \$1.50.
Steel, F. A. From the Five Rivers. 50c.
Travelers' Ready-Reference Guide. 50c.
Trotter, L. J. Lord Auckland. Ed. by W. W. Hunter. 60c.
Warner, C. D. The Work of Washington Irving. 50c.
White, M., Jr. One of the Profession. Harper & Bros. Home Book Co.

Delicious Drink.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate
with water and sugar only,
makes a delicious, healthful
and invigorating drink.

Allays the thirst, aids diges-
tion, and relieves the lassitude
so common in midsummer.

Dr. M. H. Henry, New York, says:
"When completely tired out by prolonged
wakefulness and overwork, it is of the
greatest value to me. As a beverage it
possesses charms beyond anything I know
of in the form of medicine."

Descriptive pamphlet free.

Rumford Chemical Works, Providence, R. I.

Beware of Substitutes and Imitations.

A GENTLEMAN'S SMOKE.

YALE MIXTURE

Made by MARBURG BROS.

A Delightful Blend of
St. James Parish, Louisiana,
Perique, Genuine Imported
Turkish, Extra Bright Plug
Cut, Extra Bright Long Cut,
and Marburg Bros.' Cele-
brated Brand "Pickings."



COPYRIGHTED

CELEBRATED HATS,

—AND—
LADIES' ROUND HATS AND BONNETS AND
THE DUNLAP SILK UMBRELLA.
178 and 180 Fifth Avenue, between 22d and 23d Streets,
and 181 Broadway, near Cortlandt Street,
NEW YORK.

Palmer House, Chicago. 314 Chestnut St., Phila.
AGENCIES IN ALL PRINCIPAL CITIES.
Gold Medal Awarded, Paris Exposition, 1889.

MIDSUMMER
HOLIDAY NUMBER

MIDSUMMER
HOLIDAY NUMBER

MIDSUMMER
HOLIDAY NUMBER

MIDSUMMER
HOLIDAY NUMBER

MIDSUMMER
HOLIDAY NUMBER

Ready Tuesday, August 1st—August Century.

The Midsummer Holiday Number of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

A brilliant and richly illustrated number for summer reading.
Special cover. Five complete stories by Edward Eggleston, Grace
King and others; Phillips Brooks's "Letters to Children"; en-
tertaining illustrated articles, out-of-door papers, etc. Price 35
cents. THE CENTURY CO., NEW YORK.

EDUCATIONAL.

SCHERMERHORN'S TEACHERS' AGENCY.
Oldest and best known in U. S.
Established, 1855.
3 EAST 14TH STREET, N. Y.

CONNECTICUT.

Clinton, Connecticut.
A FEW BOYS FOR THE SUMMER, with or without tutoring, received into my home in Clinton, Conn. on L. I. Sound.
J. H. SPERRY, A.M.

Hartford (in the suburbs), Connecticut.
WOODSIDE SEMINARY. Terms, \$500 to \$600. Every advantage for culture, study and health. Number limited. Circulars with particulars.
MISS SARA J. SMITH, Principal.

Norwalk, Connecticut.
NORWALK MILITARY INSTITUTE
FRANK S. ROBERTS, Principal.

New Haven, Connecticut, 56 Hillhouse Ave.
SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES. West End Institute. Early application necessary.
Mrs. and Miss CADY, Principals.

Waterbury, Connecticut.
ST. MARGARET'S DIOCESAN SCHOOL.
Nineteenth year opens Sept. 30, 1893. The Rev. FRANCIS T. RUSSELL, M.A., Rector. Miss MARY R. HILLARD, Principal.

MARYLAND.

Baltimore, Maryland; 21 Mt. Vernon Place.
THE MISSES BOND'S DAY AND HOME SCHOOL FOR GIRLS. Eleventh year. Complete course. Special advantages in Music.

Baltimore, Maryland; 403 N. Eketer St.
THE BALTIMORE MEDICAL COLLEGE
Regular Winter course begins October 1st, 1893. Send for catalogue, and address DAVID STREETT, M.D., Dean.

MASSACHUSETTS.

Everett, a suburb of Boston, Massachusetts.
MRS POTTER'S SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES. Reopens in September, 1893. Pleasant and healthful location. College preparatory and special studies. Nineteenth year.

Worcester, Massachusetts.
JOHAN W. DALZELL'S PRIVATE HOME SCHOOL FOR BOYS, 56 West St.—Prepares for Harvard, etc. Send for Catalogue.

NEW JERSEY.

Bordentown, New Jersey.
THE PRISCILLA BRAISLIN SCHOOL. A Home and Day School for Girls. Beautiful location on the bluffs of the Delaware. College preparation and higher courses. For circular apply to
PRINCIPALS.

Bridgeton, New Jersey.
SOUTH JERSEY INSTITUTE. 23d year begins Sept. 14. Both sexes. Prepares for any college, Teaching or Business. French, German, Art, Music, Military Drill, Gymnasium.
H. K. TRASK, Principal.

Bridgeton, New Jersey.
SEVEN GABLES. Mrs. Westcott's Boarding School for Young Ladies. Climate mild and dry. Native French and German Teachers. Gymnasium Certificate admits to Smith College.

Cranbury, New Jersey.
PPRIVATE HOME AND SCHOOL FOR FEEBLE-MINDED.
REV. C. F. GARRISON, Prin.

Englewood, New Jersey.
COLLEGIATE SCHOOL FOR GIRLS. Reopens September 2nd. Preparation for college a specialty. Pupils admitted to Vassar, Wellesley, and Smith on certificate.
CAROLINE M. GERRISH, A.B.

Freehold, New Jersey.
THE YOUNG LADIES' SEMINARY ADMITS to Smith, Wellesley and Vassar, on certificate. Graduates from the Seminary Course. Preparatory Class, Art, and Music. Home care.
MISS EUNICE D. SWALL, Principal.

Mountain Station, Orange, N. J.
MRS. J. V. N. DORR'S SCHOOL FOR GIRLS. High, healthful location. 14 miles from New York. English branches, Languages, Music, Art. College preparation.

EDUCATIONAL.

Lakewood, New Jersey.
LAKEWOOD HEIGHTS SCHOOL. Among the pines. A thorough and attractive School for Boys. Opens September 26th.
JAMES W. MOREY, Principal.

Morristown, New Jersey.
ST. HILDA'S SCHOOL FOR GIRLS. SUMMER Session begins July 1st. Terms, \$60 to \$75. SCHOOL YEAR begins Sept. 26th. Terms, \$250. Address, SISTER SUPERIOR.

NEW YORK.

Albany, New York.
ST. AGNES SCHOOL FOR GIRLS. Under the direction of Bishop Doane. Choice of Four Courses of Study for graduation. Special studies may be taken, or the Harvard Course for Women. For Catalogue address Miss E. W. Boyd, Principal.

Aurora, Cayuga Lake, New York.
WELLS COLLEGE, FOR WOMEN. Three Full Courses of Study. Location beautiful and healthful. New Building with modern improvements. Session begins Sept. 30, 1893. Send for Catalogue.
E. S. FRISBEE, D.D., President.

Cornwall-on-Hudson, New York.
NEW YORK MILITARY ACADEMY.
Col. C. J. WRIGHT, President.

214 Delaware Avenue, Buffalo, N. Y.
BUFFALO SEMINARY.
The Forty-third year. For circulars, address Mrs. C. F. HARTY.

Hamilton Heights, Geneva, N. Y.
DE LANCY SCHOOL FOR GIRLS. Fourteenth year opens Sept. 21st. Complete organization, including Primary and Academic Departments. Thorough preparation for leading Colleges for Women. Miss M. S. SMART, Principal.

Newburgh, New York.
THE MISSES MACKIE'S SCHOOL FOR GIRLS. The twenty-eighth year will begin September 21st, 1893.

New York City, 85th and 86th Streets.
THE MISSES ELY'S SCHOOL FOR GIRLS, RIVERSIDE DRIVE.

New York City, 55 West 47th St.
MISS GIBBONS' SCHOOL FOR GIRLS. Mrs. SARAH H. EMBESON, Principal. A few boarding pupils taken.

New York City, 183 Lenox Ave., near 119th St.
MISS MARY E. AND MISS RUTH MERINGTON. French and English School for Girls.

New York City, 43 West 47th Street.
ACADEMIC CLASSES FOR GIRLS. Primary and Preparatory Classes. A BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL. Individual instruction. College Preparation.
MARY B. WHITON, A.B., and LOIS A. BANGS.

New York City, 32 and 34 East 57th Street.
MISS FEEBLES' AND MISS THOMPSON'S Boarding and Day School for Girls. Re-opens Thursday, Oct. 5th.

6 West 48th Street, New York City.
MISS SPENCE'S BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL. For Girls. Primary, Academic, and College Preparatory Courses. Special students admitted. No more than eight pupils constitute any class.

RIVERVIEW ACADEMY, POUCHKEEPSIE, N. Y.
58th Year. Prepares thoroughly for College, the Government Academies and Business. Military Organization.
BISBEE & AMEN, Principals.

An Agency is valuable in proportion to its influence. If it merely hears of vacancies and tells **That** is something, but if it is you about them **That** asked to recommend a teacher and recommends **Recommends** you, that is more. Ours
C. W. BARDEEN Syracuse, N. Y.

NORTH CAROLINA.

Raleigh, North Carolina.
ST. MARY'S SCHOOL FOR GIRLS, Raleigh, North Carolina. Advent Term of the Fifty-Second School Year will begin Sept. 23, 1893. Special attention paid to Physical Culture and Hygiene. Address the Rector.
REV. B. SNEDEB, D.D.

EDUCATIONAL.

OHIO.

Columbus, Ohio; 131 E. Broad St.
MISS PHELPS' ENGLISH AND CLASSICAL SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES. Special advantages in Language, Literature, Music, Art, Oratory, Physical and Social Culture. College Preparation. Fall term begins Sept. 28, 1893.

Painesville, Ohio.
LAKE ERIE SEMINARY FOR YOUNG WOMEN who desire a course of study beyond that of the preparatory or high school.
MISS MARY EVANS, Principal.

PENNSYLVANIA.

Chamberburg, Pa.
WILSON COLLEGE FOR WOMEN. Fifty miles southwest of Harrisburg in famous Cumberland Valley. Border climate, avoiding bleak north. Classical, Scientific and Special Courses. Music and Art. Handsome Park, Large Buildings, Steam Heat, Gymnasium, Observatory, Laboratories, etc.
REV. J. EDGAR, Ph.D., Pres.

Logan, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.
"WOODFIELD" BOARDING SCHOOL, (residence of the late Clayton French) and College Preparatory for Young Ladies. (Established 1870.) Within easy access of Philadelphia. Two hours from New York. For catalogue address Principal of "Woodfield," Logan, Phila., Pa.

Pennsylvania, Bustleton, near Philadelphia.
ST. LUKE'S SCHOOL. A high-class Preparatory School for Boys. Illustrated catalogue.
CHAS. H. STROUT, } Principals.
F. E. MOULTON, }

A THOROUGH FRENCH AND ENGLISH HOME SCHOOL FOR TWENTY GIRLS. Under the charge of Miss. Henrietta Clerc and Miss Marion L. Peck. French warranted to be spoken in two years. Terms, \$500 a year. Address Miss H. CLERC.

VERMONT.

Burlington, Vermont.
THE BISHOP HOPKINS HALL. The Diocesan School for Girls. Our certificate received at Wellesley College. For circulars address The Rev. LUCIUS M. HARDY, M.A.

Burlington, Vermont.
VERMONT EPISCOPAL INSTITUTE. Boarding School for Boys; prepares for College or Business. Military drill. Wholesome discipline. Finest and most healthful location in this country. Terms moderate. H. H. ROSE, A.M., Principal.

Saxton's River, Vermont.
VERMONT ACADEMY. Beautiful, healthful location. Both sexes. Two large buildings. Thirteen teachers. Full equipment. Fits for any college, for business, for life. Military department under U. S. A. officers. Gymnasium.
GEO. A. WILLIAMS, Ph.D., Principal.

Mt. Carroll, Ill.
MT. CARROLL SEMINARY AND CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC. "Oreads" free. Send for one.

Washington, District of Columbia.
NORWOOD INSTITUTE. A School of High Grade for Girls. Certificate admits to Wellesley. Great advantages in modern languages, elocution, music and art. For catalogue address the Principals.
Mr. and Mrs. WM. D. CABELL.

Nashville, Tenn.
VANDERBILT UNIVERSITY FELLOWSHIPS: THE FELLOWSHIPS, PAYING \$100 EACH, with free tuition, open to graduates desiring to pursue University studies. For information, address WILK WILLIAMS, Secretary.

(A GUIDE FOR AMATEURS.)

How to Judge a Horse.

By CAPTAIN F. W. BACH.
A concise treatise as to its Qualities and Soundness—including Bits and Bitting—Saddles and Saddling—Stable Drainage, Driving, and Training.
ramo, cloth, fully illustrated, \$1.00. For sale by all booksellers, or postpaid on receipt of price.

WILLIAM R. JENKINS,

Publisher of Veterinary Books.
851 and 853 Sixth Av. (48th St.), N. Y.

OLD AND RARE BOOKS

CHEAPEST BOOKSTORE IN THE WORLD!

THE LARGEST COLLECTION OF NEW AND SECOND-HAND BOOKS IN THE UNIVERSE.
At a great Reduction from Publishers' Prices.

Send us a Postal Card, naming any Book you may desire, and we shall quote price by return mail.

SPECIAL TERMS TO LIBRARIES.

*Libraries and parcels of books bought.
MAMMOTH CATALOGUE FREE.*

LEGGAT BROS.

31 CHAMBERS ST., - NEW YORK.

Third door West of City Hall Park.

<p>FRENCH BOOKS AND GENERAL FOREIGN LITERATURE.</p>	<p>LIBRARIES, COLLEGES and the TRADE supplied on the most liberal terms. <i>Catalogues sent free upon request.</i> NEW IMPORTATIONS BY EVERY STEAMER. Subscriptions received for all foreign periodicals. Send for cata- logues. Correspondence solicited.</p>
---	--

BRENTANO'S, 31 Union Square, New York.

LONDON - PARIS - CHICAGO - WASHINGTON.

"AMERICA'S GREATEST RAILROAD,"

NEW YORK CENTRAL

& HUDSON RIVER RAILROAD.

FOUR-TRACK TRUNK LINE.



Reaching by its through cars the most important commercial centers of the United States and Canada, and the greatest of America's Health and Pleasure resorts.

Direct Line to NIAGARA FALLS

by way of the historic Hudson River and through the beautiful Mohawk Valley.

All trains arrive at and depart from GRAND CENTRAL STATION, 4th Ave. and 42nd St., New York, centre of Hotel and Residence section.

ONLY RAILROAD STATION IN NEW YORK.

"For one of the 'Four-Track Series' send two two-cent stamps to George H. Daniels, General Passenger Agent, Grand Central Station, New York."

*The Orrell Company
Leading Lithographers
Chicago.*

MONUMENTS.

Special designs arranged for work set in any part of the United States.

Correspondence Solicited.

Send for Illustrated Hand-Book.

J. & R. LAMB, 59 Carmine Street, New York.

MISCELLANEOUS.

BOUND VOLUME OF THE CRITIC VOL. XIX. JAN.—JUNE, 1893. NOW READY

MAROON-COLORED CLOTH, GILT

BY MAIL OR EXPRESS PAID \$5.50

The Critic Co., 743 Broadway, N. Y.

BOSTON, U. S. A.

HOTEL BRUNSWICK,

AMERICAN PLAN,

Opposite Trinity (Phillips Brooks) Church.

THE VICTORIA,

EUROPEAN PLAN,

Opposite New Old South and Art Club,

BARNES & DUNKLEE. PROPRIETORS.

To Authors & Publishers.

FOR AUTHORS:—The skilled revision and unbiased criticism of prose and verse; advice as to publication; final proof reading. FOR PUBLISHERS:—The compilation of first-class works of reference. The New York Bureau of Revision; established 1880; unique in position and success; endorsed by our leading authors. Address

Dr. TITUS H. COAN, 70 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

H. WILLIAMS,

195 WEST 10TH STREET, NEW YORK.

Dealer in Magazines and other Periodicals. Sets, volumes or single numbers.

Writing Paper Free. Send 6 cts. postage and receive handsome book of samples free.

J. C. BLAIR CO., Huntingdon, Pa.,

CATALOGUE 36 READY. A. S. Clark, Book-eller and Newsdealer 34 Park Row, New York.

Memorial Tablets.

of any description erected in Schools, Colleges, Libraries, Chapels, Churches and Public Buildings. Send for illustrated hand-book.

J. & R. LAMB, 59 Carmine St., N. Y.

HENRY BLACKWELL,

BOOKBINDER,

UNIVERSITY PLACE AND TENTH STREET,
NEW YORK.

Levant binding, extra illustrating, inlaying, cleaning and repairing a specialty.

Handy-Binder

To any address, One Dollar.

One year's subscription and a Binder, \$3.50.

THE CRITIC CO., 743 Broadway, N. Y.

Royal
Baking
Powder
Absolutely Pure

A cream-of-tartar baking powder. Highest of all in leavening strength.—*Latest United States Food Report.*

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO.,
106 Wall St., N. Y.



Catalogue free on application to the nearest Columbia Agent, or sent by mail for two 2-cent stamps.

POPE MFG. CO., 321 Columbus Ave., Boston.

LANGUAGES

French, German
Spanish, Italian

Actually Spoken and Mastered in Ten weeks without leaving your homes by the Meisterschaft System 550th Thousand. Pupils taught as if actually in the presence of the teacher. Terms for \$5.00 for membership each language.

MASTERED

All questions answered, and exercises corrected free of charge. Specimen copy of Part 1, either language, sent free on receipt of a 2 cent postage stamp.

THE MEISTERSCHAFT PUBLISHING CO.

No. 108
SUMMER STREET

Boston, Mass.

IN 10 WEEKS

Unlike the Dutch Process

No Alkalies

—OR—

Other Chemicals

are used in the preparation of

W. BAKER & CO.'S

Breakfast Cocoa

which is absolutely pure and soluble.

It has more than three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is far more economical, costing less than one cent a cup. It is delicious, nourishing, and EASILY DIGESTED.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.